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Neutral Denmark

BY PRIME MINISTER TH. STAUNING

LITTLE DENMARK with her three and a half million inhabitants plays a very modest part in the world orchestra, but nevertheless occupies a historic place among the nations. She is one of the oldest of them, but her period of greatness is a thing of the past, and her dreams of being a great power have long since been abandoned. There was a time when wide stretches of European territory were under Danish rule: Iceland; large sections of Norway, Sweden, and Estonia; parts of Germany. But such a state of things was not natural. Nations should be independent. Only when the nationalities are free is it possible to establish harmonious and useful cooperation in which one is not subject to the other. Now Denmark is simply the land of the Danes and nothing else. Yet we possess some things of which we are justly proud, and our history offers some features that are not wholly ordinary.

Our country consists of a narrow peninsula, which is contiguous with Germany, and a number of islands lying between the North Sea and the Baltic in an exposed position which is in itself sufficient reason for a small country to maintain absolute neutrality towards its neighbors.

The people of Denmark have in the course of the centuries freed themselves from all desire to play the great power and have instead devoted themselves to tasks that have brought us satisfaction and have given us a right to feel a modest pride. I want to mention three of these which are characteristic of Denmark's attitude today, namely, our relation with Iceland, our administration of Greenland, and the reun-

ion with parts of Slesvig which had been taken from us after the war of 1864. A few words about each will, I think, give a better portrayal of the Danish people than generalities which I have no desire to present.

ICELAND is one of the component parts of the Scandinavian North. History tells us that as early as 930 the island had a combined court and law-making body, the Althing. The sagas throw light on the people and their way of living as far back as the first settlements. In the year 1662, in the era of Absolutism, Iceland became subject to the Danish kings, but the people of the Saga Island could not forget that they had once been a nation by themselves. Their demand for independence grew, and at the beginning of the present century became insistent.

The Danish Government in power at that time met this demand in a friendly spirit, and the people of Denmark approved its course. Through peaceful negotiation a covenant was arrived at and signed as by two sovereign states. Iceland was given complete self-government, but the people voted to invite the king of Denmark to remain king also over Iceland. The covenant insures a certain amount of cooperation, but in all essentials Iceland has been completely independent since its adoption in 1918. The matter will come up for a vote again in 1943, and if the Icelanders then shall decide to dissolve the monarchic union, they have the full right to do so.

If in the past Iceland may sometimes have had reason to complain of Denmark's rule, to make up for it she has in modern times been treated as a dear little sister. The covenant gives Iceland certain advantages which the little country certainly needs. It is true that Denmark also derives some benefit from being the purveyor of commodities to Iceland, but undoubtedly the chief advantage of this trade and of cooperation in other things is on the side of Iceland. The population is only about a hundred thousand, and it may be doubtful whether so small a nation can well maintain a position as an independent state. But that is a matter for the future.

GREENLAND is a colonial possession of Denmark. Situated in the arctic part of the Atlantic, it is the largest island in the world. Only one-sixth of it, however, is habitable, the other five-sixths being covered with everlasting ice. It is inhabited by 15,000 Greenlanders (originally Eskimos). Denmark has administered this colony for about 200 years, and has well earned the international appreciation which has rewarded her efforts. It is a well-known fact that primitive people when they come in contact with civilization often weaken and die out, but

this has not been the case in Greenland. Denmark's Government and law-making body have created conditions that protect the people from such evils of civilization as diseases and alcoholism. A State monopoly of shipping and commerce has been established under which the people can develop gradually from primitive heathendom to a constantly rising level of civilization. In order to do this, the Danish State has for long periods made considerable financial sacrifices and is still making them.

Formerly the people could live by hunting and sealing, but as the population has increased and other nations have begun more and more to utilize the wealth of the ocean, the opportunities for these ancient pursuits have been more and more limited. It has been necessary, therefore, that the Greenlanders should learn other means of making a living, such as fishing and sheep-raising, and this change has been possible because the general level of intelligence has been raised. As yet, however, the industries of Greenland do not yield enough to provide any surplus for such communal needs as schools, churches, a high school, the education of Greenlanders to become assistants in schools and churches, health service including doctors, nurses, and hospitals, vocational training, radio, and so forth. The Danish State has had to appropriate considerable sums every year for these purposes, and moreover it is almost entirely with money from Denmark that scientific research is carried on. Surveying, charting, navigation, fishery inspection, and harbor service, as well as geological and maritime investigations are either directly or indirectly supported by the Danish State.

It is an expense that the Danish people have gladly incurred. It has been gratifying to see that the Greenlanders, far from dying out as other primitive peoples have done, are increasing. In the course of fifty years the population has increased 50 per cent, and not only has it grown numerically, but the people have grown in intelligence, so that we may look forward to a time when they will be able to have relations with other people besides those of Denmark. As a first step towards self-government they have been given the right to vote on certain matters.

The reunion with SLESVIG is an historic event which is naturally regarded as especially joyful and important. To understand the situation we must look back to the time before 1864, when Denmark ruled both Slesvig and Holstein. The former was predominantly Danish, while the latter was inhabited by people who were German both in language and sympathies, and ought by right to have been under Ger-

many. Denmark's incorporation of the two duchies in 1848 was avenged in 1864 when Germany took away from us not only German Holstein but also Danish Slesvig.

For almost half a century the Danes in Slesvig languished under the rule of a foreign power. In spite of some Germanization, large sections of the country remained Danish in sympathies, and the hope of returning to Denmark never died.

After the World War, when the revision of boundaries took place, the victors were quite willing to hand over to Denmark a large slice of territory—presumably both Slesvig and Holstein—one reason for this being that there was quite a strong sentiment for taking Kiel and the Kiel Canal away from German dominion. But responsible statesmen in Denmark advised against such a measure, and proposed that the issue should be settled by a plebiscite. It was upon Danish initiative, too, that Slesvig was divided, for voting purposes, into three zones in order to insure a fully adequate expression of the people's will.

The result was just what had been expected. The first, or most northerly, zone showed three-fourths majority for Denmark, while the central and southerly zones showed preference for Germany. Only the region that was really Danish was returned to Denmark, and no one can accuse Denmark of taking undue advantage of the situation. It was fortunate for the future of our land and people that our nation had sufficiently mature judgment to carry out this sensible and conciliatory policy, and we hope that it has also been registered in the memory of the German people as part of the history of the settlement after the War.

When the Danish part of Slesvig was returned to Denmark, about 25,000 Germans who were living in the first zone became Danish citizens. This minority has been treated by Denmark with greater liberality than is the case in any other part of Europe where there are racial minorities. Not only are they free to use their own language, but German-speaking schools are maintained at public expense, or if the people prefer their own private schools these receive a fixed subsidy from the State. There is perfect freedom for all intellectual activity, and the Germans can work without hindrance to preserve their own language and German culture.

As a result of this liberality, Slesvig has been spared the serious troubles that have afflicted other boundary regions. There have been only occasional minor irritations. At least this was true up to the political revolution in 1933. Since that time some trouble has arisen owing to the fact that propaganda has been carried over into Danish territory,

but I have faith that responsible German statesmen will recognize the settlement of 1920 and protect Denmark from further encroachments.

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From Denmark's attitude in her relations with these three domains, Iceland, Greenland, and Slesvig, it will be seen that our people really have the will to respect the right of nations to self-determination. The will to neutrality which is the guiding principle in Denmark may be seen also in certain other acts.

I may, for instance, mention Denmark's relation to the West Indian islands, St. Thomas, St. John, and St. Croix. These islands were possessions from the time of Denmark's period of greatness, but they were too far away. During the centuries when the islands were under Danish rule, the people were fairly contented, but towards the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century, there occurred some disturbances for which our government was not prepared. Harsh repressive measures are not Denmark's strong point, and there was no practicable way of establishing a governmental system that would insure a sound political and social development.

When, therefore, the United States of America offered to take over the islands and to pay a certain sum in compensation for them, it was natural that such an offer should receive consideration, and from a Danish point of view it was a very reasonable proposition, for the World War and the position of the islands could not but raise the question of what Denmark would do if certain eventualities should occur. As a matter of principle it seemed right that the islands should come under American rule, inasmuch as the inhabitants were English-speaking Negroes and not Danes, but there was nevertheless a sentiment in Denmark against giving up Danish territory. The matter was therefore settled by a Danish plebiscite, and the islands passed into American hands in the year 1916. We hope that in the long run it will be to the benefit of the inhabitants.

Another example may be mentioned to illustrate Denmark's position. I refer to the relation with Greenland and Norway. As readers of the AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW will know, there arose a difference of opinion between Norway and Denmark in regard to the sovereignty of Greenland, and certain groups in Norway went so far as to occupy the disputed territory, which action was approved by the Norwegian Government. The issue therefore had to be decided. According to ancient usage, the rattling of sabers would have been the answer to what had occurred, but such methods are no longer desired in the Scandinavian countries. The two parties agreed that the case should be

brought before the International Court at The Hague. Both had bound themselves in advance to abide by the decision, and this was also done, and the result is a credit to Norway as well as to Denmark.

The instances I have mentioned will, I hope, have presented to the reader the picture of a country where a sense of right exists, and will have shown how neutrality is practised. The Danish people are pretty nearly unanimous in believing that no one should take away by stratagem or force what belongs to another. The rights of others are just as sacred as our own rights. The Danish people are ready to recognize and respect any independent nation, and do not fall into the mistake of assuming that people who happen to live on the other side of a boundary line are less worthy than they themselves.

It is also a Danish principle that no one should interfere with the internal affairs of another country. What kind of administration, what system of government is adopted must be the affair of the country in question. If, in spite of our ardent desire for peace, the complications of war should arise, then we must sincerely hope that the small nations be allowed to live in peace, preserving the neutrality which is the only course possible to them.

Peace among men must be our natural goal, but peace is not won by increasing armaments. It is won by good faith among nations and by the limitation of armed forces in every land to a number sufficient to keep order at home and guard against any encroachments from abroad that may occur unofficially in times of disturbance.

We Danes are not in the habit of expressing emotion in strong words, but that does not mean that the feeling does not exist. Our patriotism is deep and genuine enough, and all Danes have the will to guard and protect their native land. I have seen a time—in my childhood and youth—when the lower classes were oppressed, bound in slavery, and miserably paid; probably conditions were no better in other countries. To a large extent this state of things has been changed among us. The working class, from which I myself have sprung, has won social and political rights and therewith a share in the good things of civilization and culture. It is a matter of course that members of this class now feel bound to their native land in a manner very different from that of the working people in the past when they were looked down upon and oppressed.

The Danish people has given its support to all work for international courts, disarmament, arbitration, and the self-determination of nations, in the belief that such activities promote world peace. In addition we

believe that unhampered intercourse, access to trade, and cooperation will do much more good than putting up barriers. Denmark has so far as possible practised free trade, and in the past had the lowest tariff in the world. The trend of the times has forced us into new paths, but it is our hope that some day the barriers will fall and civilization will grow so that the world will be a good place to live in for all races and all nationalities.

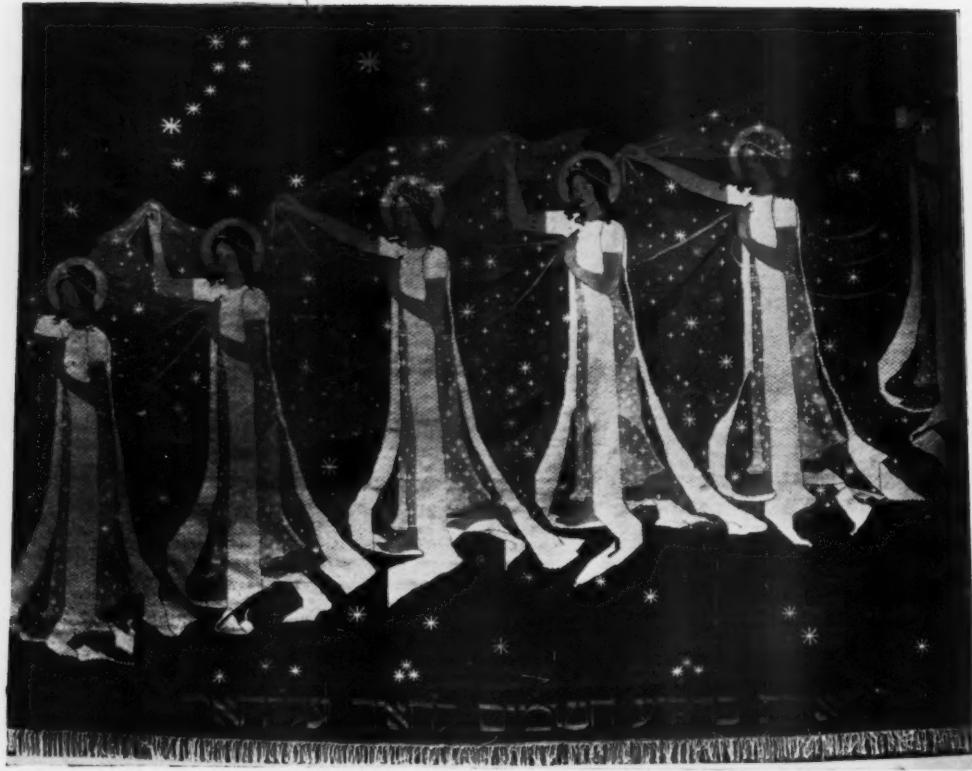
The work for peace, for disarmament, and for understanding between nations must be continued, and it is here that the small neutral states have a task to perform.

Thorwaldsen's Christus

BY DORIS WETZEL JACOBSEN

THE MARBLE Christus, inarticulate,
Bends toward the world in gentle majesty;
Standing with arms outstretched protectingly,
His gaze, impersonal yet intimate,
Searches the far-flung world to penetrate
All degradation and all misery—
Christ, the retriever of humanity,
Serene and sad, mild and compassionate.

He stands alone with sheltering arms outspread,
As though the world might hover in their reach;
A great love lights his face that seems to be
Pervaded by a warm transparency,
But in his tranquil countenance I read
The terrible truths Gethsemane could teach.

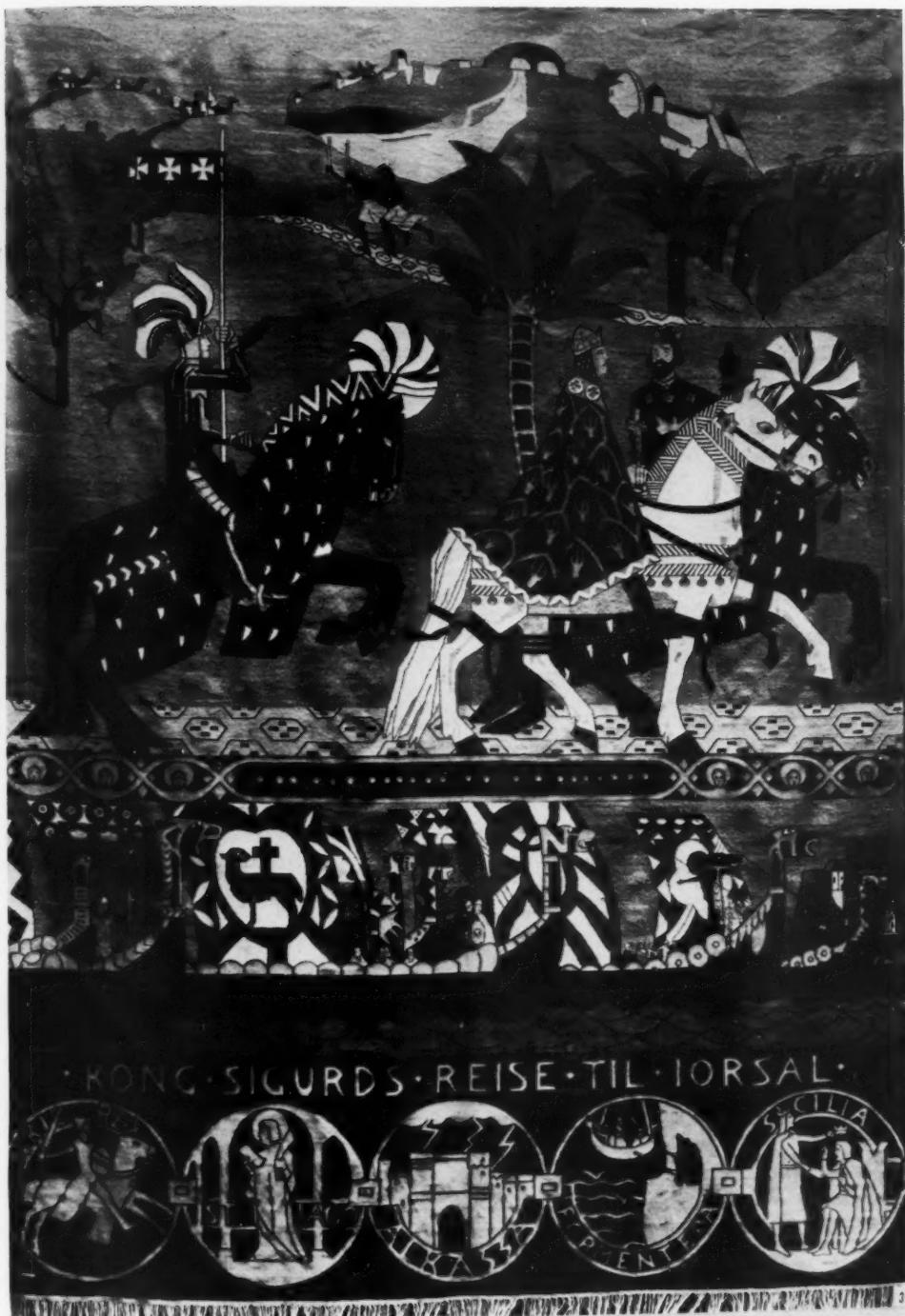


The Milky Way
Designed and Woven in Wool and Linen by Frida Hansen

Modern Norwegian Tapestries

BY THOR B. KIELLAND

THE ART of tapestry weaving in Norway has a history that goes back to the sixth century. Its first great flowering was in the Viking Age, and the highest attainment of that period is represented by a frieze, marvelously rich in figures, which was unearthed in the Oseberg ship and dates from the ninth century. Its decline may be traced in the figured tapestries produced in Jämtland and Herjedalen about three centuries later. The second flowering was in the Middle Ages and was developed under the influence of foreign art, Romanesque and Gothic. At this time the regular tapestry technique with "toothing" was adopted. The chief monument of this period is the



King Sigurd's Journey to Jerusalem
Designed by Gerhard Munthe. Woven by Augusta Christensen. In the Royal Palace, Oslo



St. Olav and Dale-Gudbrand
Designed by Fröydis Heavardsholm

magnificent panel from Baldishoel church dating from around the year 1200.

Toward the end of the Middle Ages it seems that the art of tapestry weaving again suffered a decline, but it was revived under Renaissance influence in the sixteenth century. The new ideas that came from the south were grafted on the old tradition and resulted in a third flowering period which lasted well into the nineteenth century. In the earlier part of this period the weaving was done chiefly in the towns, but after 1600 it was confined almost entirely to the rural districts. It is this period we have in mind when we speak of our national tapestry weaving. It was marked by imaginative design, festive and varied coloring, and firm textile technique.

The fourth and latest flowering epoch in Norwegian tapestry weaving, that of our own day, also owed its rise and development to outside influence, in so far as Norwegian museums and societies for domestic handicrafts deliberately set about reviving the traditions of an art that seemed dying. Fortunately these institutions could enlist the aid of highly gifted artists and competent weavers, and therefore they succeeded in ushering in a new creative period, beginning a little before the turn of the century.

The leading personality in this renaissance was the painter, Gerhard



St. Olav and Dale-Gudbrand (continued)
Woven in Silk, Wool, and Gold by Karin Prestgard

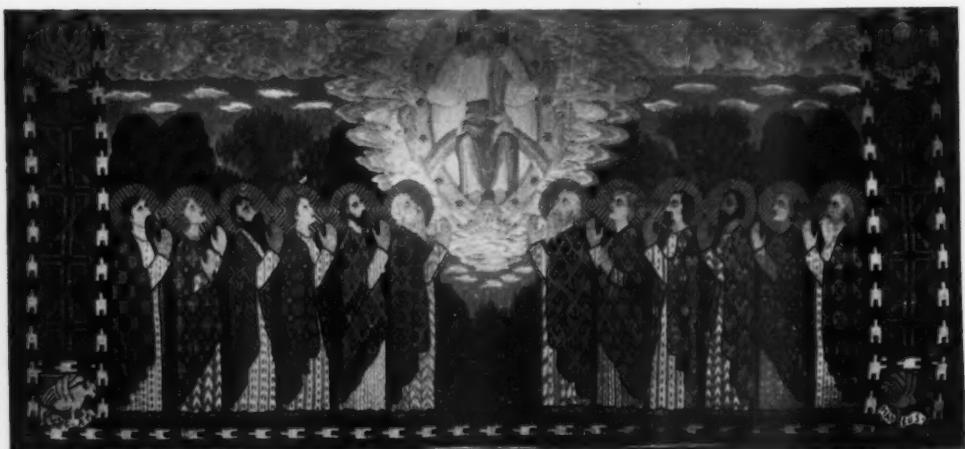
Munthe. He had an instinct for decorative values, and with the inspiration of genius he knew how to unite the technical and artistic traditions of our old tapestry weaving with a style that was strongly personal, at once modern and national. His cartoons were brilliantly executed on the loom by Augusta Christensen, Ulrikke Greve, and Frida Hansen. Fru Greve and Fru Hansen had each a large weaving atelier, in Trondheim and Oslo respectively. From these centers the Munthe panels were sent out during the decade around 1900 both to Europe and America.

Ulrikke Greve and Frida Hansen are not only weavers but creative artists who have given us some fine examples of modern Norwegian textile art. Frida Hansen was strongly influenced by the *l'art nouveau* tendency at the beginning of the century, and in this style she has composed a number of large panels which, without being especially Norwegian in character, are distinguished for beauty of coloring. Her most important contribution has perhaps been as a teacher and in the development of a weaving technique. Fru Greve is noted especially for her fine coloristic sense which she has trained by translating black and white cartoons into polychrome weavings. She has sometimes used old designs, sometimes compositions by modern artists. Her best work has been in weaving after cubistic designs. Like Frida Hansen, Fru Greve has exercised wide influence as a teacher. Among the many who have



The Christmas Hymn

Designed by Oluf Wold-Torne. Woven in Wool and Linen by the
Norwegian Society for Domestic Handicrafts



Antependium

Designed and Woven in Wool, Silk, and Gold by Ingeborg Arboe

The City of Oslo
(Below)

Designed by
Sverre Pettersen.
Woven in Wool by
Ulrikke Greve



"La Dance"
(to the Left)

Designed by
Marie Laurencin.
Woven in Wool by
Ulrikke Greve



gone out from their ateliers may be mentioned Fröken Arboe, Fru Schirmer, Fröken Karsten, and Fröken Stoltenberg. They are all accomplished craftsmen and colorists of a decidedly Norwegian stamp who have woven both after their own designs and after the cartoons of other artists.

Since Gerhard Munthe died, we have had no great painter who like him has specialized in designs for weaving, but several of our most distinguished decorative artists have drawn occasional cartoons, and with distinct success. The one who approaches most closely to Munthe is Oluf Wold-Torne (died 1919) who in his poetic panel *The Christmas Hymn* has revealed a textile instinct of a decidedly Norwegian character. In the same line as Oluf Wold-Torne's work are a couple of tapestries woven after cartoons by Dagfin Werenskiold, which are beautiful in color though somewhat heavy in effect. Alf Lundby has designed some fairy tale panels in a harmonious, tradition-bound style. Likewise traditional in their decorative surfaces, but more modern in spirit, are the textiles woven after the compositions of Arthur Gustafson, and the same is true of Finn Krafft's designs. Sigurd Lunde in Bergen works in a wholly personal style, quite free from tradition, but with a good understanding of technique. Besides these we have some tapestries done in a more purely naturalistic manner, especially landscapes.

Quite distinctive are two artists from whom we may expect continued renewal of our old art of tapestry weaving, Sverre Pettersen and Fröydis Haavardsholm. In the composition of his Oslo tapestry, Sverre Pettersen shows an intuitive understanding of how to utilize the special technical possibilities and the firm medieval surfaces of tapestry weaving in a wholly modern form language. Fröydis Haavardsholm, in her St. Olav tapestry, has demonstrated that she can transfer to her weaving the power of dramatic narration and the decorative quality of figure composition which distinguish her illustrative work. In their use of color both artists show an intimate knowledge of their materials and a happy mastery of its technical requirements.

In addition to the more prominent names mentioned here, there are round about in the public and private weaving ateliers of our land many designers and weavers who, on a more or less modern basis, with more or less success, are helping to stimulate interest in our old national art industry and to further its growth and blossoming.

Selma Lagerlöf

The Last in a Series of Four Articles

BY HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN

Public Service and Public Honors

TO APPRECIATE the effect Selma Lagerlöf's first book had on her contemporaries we must remember the literary background of that time. Sweden, Norway, and Denmark then formed much more of an intellectual unity than they do today. Ibsen, Björnson, Strindberg, Brandes, Jacobsen, and Geijerstam were common property all through the Scandiravian North as the present-day writers are not by any means. Selma Lagerlöf has herself acknowledged her debt to "the great Norwegians" and to "the great Danish critic."

When *Gösta Berling's Saga* made its appearance, Strindberg had written his most important naturalistic dramas as well as the two volumes of short stories called *Married* in which he uncovered morbid conditions often hiding beneath the respectable surface of domesticity. Geijerstam's *Bleak Days* and *Poor People* were as dreary as their titles, and Herman Bang's first book was significantly entitled *Generations*



Selma Lagerlöf

Without Hope. Another Dane, J. P. Jacobsen, the most finely touched spirit among the followers of Brandes, was an avowed atheist and proclaimed his negative ideal in *Niels Lyhne*. In Norway, Björnson was also attacking the theory of Christianity in his *Beyond Human Power* and *In God's Ways*—though vindicating Christian morality in his social plays. Ibsen had written among other things *Ghosts* and *Hedda Gabler*, the two blackest and most unrelieved of all his dramas.

And people at that time were taking literature seriously. Friendships were made and engagements broken on whether or not one liked *Brand* and *A Doll's House*. Readers looked to the dramatists and novelists for guidance that we should now expect from sociologists and economists. The authors, too, took themselves seriously and felt themselves to be charged with a prophetic mission. There had indeed been a terrific amount of truth-telling, and truth was often made synonymous with uncovering vice and rottenness in what had been thought to be fair places.

Into this dreary atmosphere came *Gösta Berling's Saga* with its faith in God, its faith in men, its zest for life, its love of beauty, strength, brilliance, happiness. But "that the world was beautiful, rich, and motley, that women were tender and lovable, men vigorous and clever, this was just what the younger generation denied with such burning conviction," writes the Swedish critic Fredrik Böök. "The world was grey, ugly, stupid, and only by a lot of firm principle, marital quarreling, and general dissatisfaction could it be made a trifle less mendacious and disgusting." He points out how easily the events and characters in Miss Lagerlöf's first book could, in the hands of a writer like Kielland in Norway or Schandorph in Denmark, have been used to reveal the wickedness of the upper classes and how Gösta in particular could have been made an example of the vices of the clergy.

There are truths and truths. Selma Lagerlöf has certainly never been unaware of human frailty, but she treats it with pity and understanding rather than denunciation. Her womanly sympathy and her artistic divination have given her the key to a humanity in which high aspiration and sorry performance are often mingled—but that does not mean that the aspiration is not genuine. And sometimes even the frailest of human beings are lifted out of themselves and touch their ideals.

We can only faintly imagine with what delighted relief the reader long depressed by a literature emphasizing the dreary aspects of life plunged into the reading of *Gösta Berling's Saga*. As Miss Lagerlöf's neighbor at Falun, the artist Carl Larsson, expressed it many years later, "I shudder to think what would have become of us in these dread-

ful times if we had not had that blessed woman. And isn't it fine that she is also a genius!"

The nature of Miss Lagerlöf's genius led her, almost in spite of herself, to run counter to the literary fashions of her day. There was, however, one tendency of the age as expressed in its literature with which she was fully in accord. That was its practical morality, its eagerness to reform abuses. While teaching she had become interested in modern principles of education, and in the long years when the door of literature seemed closed to her, she had even thought that perhaps it would be her mission in life to help introduce some of these new ideas into Swedish schools.

With her strong pedagogical instinct, she willingly responded to a request from the National Teachers' Association that she should write a reader for the public schools. Leading teachers in Sweden had come to the conclusion that only the greatest creative writers were good enough to interpret their native land to the children. Accordingly they asked Selma Lagerlöf to write a description of the country for youngsters between nine and eleven and Verner von Heidenstam to write its history for children a year or two older. It is significant that both these great authors were willing to write thus on assignment in order to do their country a service.

Miss Lagerlöf decided to confine herself practically to a description of nature and animal life. Human beings figure only slightly in the book, but the local legends which tell how the mountains and lakes, the rivers and plains and forests first took shape are cleverly utilized. She spent the better part of three years familiarizing herself with the material, for she was deeply impressed with the responsibility of writing an account that should be absolutely veracious. This does not mean that the fairy-tale element was excluded, however. In fact she needed a creature that should be a link between the animal and the human world. By a stroke of genius she created the boy who was changed into an elf and rode all over Sweden on the back of a goose.

Nils Holgersson is a mischievous lad who loves to tease animals, and for some particularly imaginative trick on the house-elf is changed into a tiny edition of himself, wooden shoes, sheath knife, and all. He is now as helpless in the grip of the animals as they once were in his, and he is carried off by his mother's tame white goosey-gander who is lured to follow the wild geese on their flight to the North. Suddenly he finds that he understands the speech of animals, and as he is really a good little chap at bottom, he becomes their fast friend. He who never in his former life felt affection for anyone, not even for his parents, now

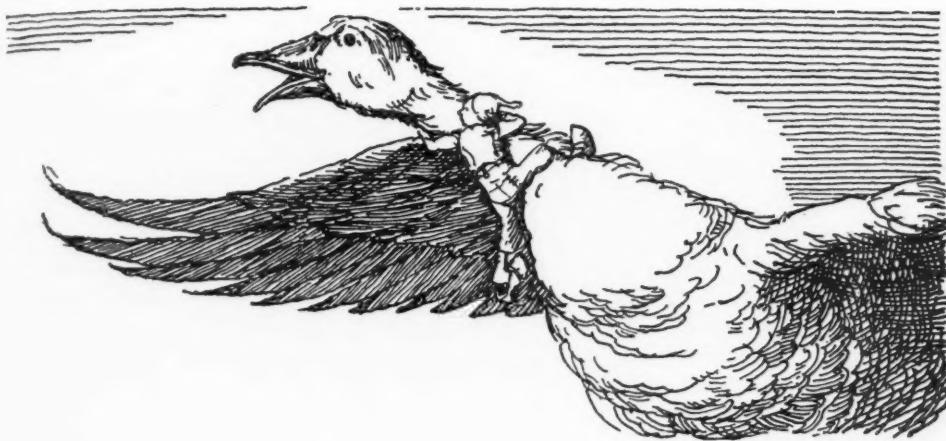


Courtesy of Albert Bonnier

Nils Holgersson
Illustration by Bertil Lybeck

learns to love the goosey-gander and Akka, the venerable leader of the wild geese. And this ability to love and to feel for others does not leave him when he again regains human shape. Artfully and without a single "thus we see" Selma Lagerlöf leads her young readers first to see what pleasure they can enjoy in the companionship of animals and then to understand the broader principle that no one can be happy without feeling affection for others.

As the wild geese fly from southern Skåne to northern Lapland



Mounting the Goosey-Gander

Illustration for "Nils Holgersson" by Bertil Lybeck

and back again with many excursions to the east and west, almost the whole country is spread out before the readers, and in telling all the adventures that befell Nils the author has an opportunity to introduce the children to almost all the wild birds and animals of Sweden. First and foremost there is the leader goose, Akka from Kebnekaise, ice-grey and venerable, reputed to be more than a hundred years old. Akka is quite a pedagogue. To the young goslings flying behind her for the first time, Akka calls out the names of places they fly over, "This is Portsokjokko, this is Särjaktjokko, this is Sulitelma." At this the goslings shriek in heartrending tones, "Akka, Akka, Akka! We haven't room in our heads for any more of those dreadful names!" "The more you put into your heads the more you can get into them," retorts the leader goose and continues to call the names. One can imagine the twinkle in her eye with which the ex-teacher Miss Lagerlöf wrote this rejoinder. Other outstanding "personalities" are Smirre the Fox, Gorgo the Eagle, Bataki the Raven, Herr Ermenrich the Stork, and many others.

Nils Holgerssons underbara resa genom Sverige appeared in two parts published in 1906 and 1907 respectively. It has been very widely translated and has no doubt done more than any other book to acquaint both children and grown-ups with Sweden. In his *Bokfilm* Erik Lindorm reproduces illustrations from the American, German, Japanese, Czechoslovakian, Norwegian, Russian, and Rumanian editions. The American edition in a sensitive translation by Velma Swanston Howard, published under the titles *The Wonderful Adventures of*

Nils and *The Further Adventures of Nils*, has been used as supplementary reading in the public schools.

It is probably correct to say that Selma Lagerlöf's great fame dates from the period in her life that saw the completion of *Nils Holgersson*. In 1907 she received an honorary doctor's degree from the University of Uppsala, an institution by no means lavish with such tributes. Popular acclaim agreed with the verdict of the learned doctors. In the same year a vote on the ten most distinguished Swedish men and women in the reign of Oscar II was taken by the newspaper *Dagens Nyheter*. It was a list that included Strindberg, Nobel, Arrhenius, John Ericsson, and Sven Hedin, but Selma Lagerlöf's name led all the rest. She had already received the gold medal of the Swedish Academy, and she now began to be mentioned both at home and abroad for the Nobel Prize in literature. In 1908 her fiftieth birthday was made the occasion of a nation-wide celebration—the first of those that have marked the important milestones in her life. The growing popularity of her works led to a demand for information about the author, and in response she wrote her well-known account of how she came to write *Gösta Berling's Saga*. It was the first of the autobiographical narratives in which she relates with such engaging frankness the external details and environs of her life but tells us little of the inner struggles, sufferings, and triumphs that have shaped her genius.

In 1909 Selma Lagerlöf became not only the first woman but the first Swede to receive the Nobel Prize in literature, then awarded for the ninth time. The president of the Swedish Academy, Claës Annerstedt, stated that it was for "wealth of imagination, idealism in conception, and fascinating presentation." In making her speech of thanks Miss Lagerlöf faced an august assembly which included royalty. She spoke with homely simplicity, but with that grace and charm which we know from her books. Characteristically, she gave her speech the form of a story and told how she had been so weighed down by gratitude that she had sought advice from her father and had found him sitting on the veranda of heaven looking out over a flower garden and reading *Frithjof's Saga*. He pushed back his spectacles, greeted her just as he used to do, and asked if there was anything wrong down there. No, quite the contrary. Like her own Ingmar Ingmarsson, she proceeds to tell her father all about it. She enumerates all those who have helped her, from old King Oscar to the youngest reader of *Nils Holgersson*, until finally she comes to the honor conferred on her by the Swedish Academy. The list is a long one, for she seems to have forgotten no one. Of herself she tells nothing directly except her regret that her father



Swed. Amer. News Exchange

Professor Böök Eulogizing Thomas Mann, at the Extreme Left. Nobel Prize Winners of the Year in the Front Row and Members of the Awarding Bodies in the Second and Third Rows

could not have lived to hear the great news which would have given him so much pleasure, and her feeling that in a mystic way he is still near her.

Five years later the Swedish Academy elected Miss Lagerlöf to membership, and she is therefore now herself one of those who award the Nobel Prize in literature. She takes her duties very conscientiously and usually journeys to Stockholm in the depth of winter to join in the deliberations of the Academy.

With the prestige attaching to her name, it was natural that, in the days when woman suffrage was being hotly debated in Sweden, the feminists should turn to Miss Lagerlöf as to one whose voice would reach far and carry conviction. The opportunity came when the International Suffrage Convention met in Stockholm in 1911. Her address on that occasion is a little classic. She called it "Home and State." With the knowledge we now have of the author's background, we need not ask where she found the inspiration for her description of the home as a small world where there is a place for all its members, the helpless as

well as the strong, the defeated and disappointed as well as the triumphant and successful; where there are no laws, only beneficent customs; where there is no punishment for revenge but only for betterment; where there is use for every talent, but where he who has none can make himself as well loved as the cleverest. "There is nothing more adaptable, nothing more merciful in all that human beings have made. There is nothing so loved, so highly prized as woman's creation, the home." Nor do we need to inquire where she learned what is not so often stressed, namely that woman has been successful in creating the home because she has had man by her side.

Asking then what man had done to offset woman's small masterpiece, the home, she said that man's great achievement was the State and all the institutions contained within it. For the State he had toiled and sacrificed, to that he had given all his abilities, and he had made it great and strong, but he had not made it happy. Putting the question of how far man had succeeded in solving just those problems which had been successfully met in the smaller world of the home, she replied that they had not been solved at all. They would not be solved, and the State would never become loved, until man seriously accepted the help of woman in those larger affairs which he had hitherto ruled alone.

Although this was the first occasion when Miss Lagerlöf clarified to herself and others the theoretical basis of the movement, she had for some time been an active member of the suffrage society at Falun, because she believed in the practical necessity of the measures advocated. Her position on the humanitarian questions of the day was stated in her early novel *The Miracles of Antichrist*, and she still believes that some form of socialism must be the salvation of a suffering humanity. She looks everywhere for the human equation, and she has paid her respects to the machine age in a humorous narrative poem *Slätterkarlarna på Ekolsund* (*The Haymakers at Ekolsund*). The manager of the estate Ekolsund asks the inventor Polhem to fashion a corps of haymakers that should need neither food nor wages. Polhem does so, and the men of wood and iron cut more hay in an hour than all the laborers on the estate could cut in a week. But they go over stock and stone, cutting down everything before them, and at last driving the manager himself into the lake. For he has forgotten the magic word that should make them stop. Then Polhem, who has foreseen and in fact intended this result, takes pity on him. The manager has learned his lesson: he declares that he is human and wants human beings to work for him.

On the issue of world peace Selma Lagerlöf has been consistent all

her life. In *Mårbacka* she tells of how she was taken by her nurse to see an old crofter who had fought in the Napoleonic wars, and of how she was told not to mention war because the old man could not bear to be reminded of it. Quaintly she relates how the old man who hated war seemed to the child's fancy a more sinister figure than if he had reveled in burning cities and rivers of blood in the accepted fashion. This crofter became the original of the old soldier Jan Höök in *Gösta Berling's Saga* who felt himself to be under a curse because he had shed blood.

In the first edition of *Invisible Links* there appeared a sketch inspired by Hellquist's famous painting "Valdemar Atterdag Levies Tribute on Visby." The author notes a nameless figure who stands near the King, his face hidden by an iron visor, and who seems to be an impersonation of all the evil forces let loose by war. "'I am violence,' he says, 'I am greed. I am the one who levies tribute on Visby. I am no human being. I am only steel and iron. I take delight in suffering and wickedness. Let them go on torturing each other! Today it is I who am master on the market-place of Visby.'"

The World War brought the issue home to her, and in "The Wilderness Church," dated September 1914, she makes a personal confession. She relates how in her youth there was a tradition of a church which was said to have been abandoned during the Black Death and to have been so overgrown with ferns and lichens that no one could find it. Picnic parties would often make search for it, but she owns that she had no desire to see this melancholy reminder of death and of the abomination of desolation. She had shunned the image of the place where so many cries of despair had died away unheard. But now she felt that it would suit her mood.

"You old house! I know of no place where it would be more fitting that I should come with my grief.

"I have been a trifler and a jester, but out of my soul there no longer rises either jest or play.

"My soul has become like you, silent, without bells, without song.

"My soul has become poor and desolate. It is filled with images of horror and dread. It is plundered and afraid, as one who has no home. It would like to hide and disappear from human ken, as you have done, you poor old church in the wilderness."

"The Wilderness Church" is one of six short sketches in *Trolls and Human Folk* all dealing with the war. In three of these she is struggling with the sense that she has no right to turn away from its horrors, and that she must protest even if it be only to save her own soul. While her mind was too numb with suffering to produce as usual, she took

active part in the work of relief. She wrote letters to her friends round about in Sweden asking them to open their homes to children from the warring countries, and she wrote a description of Sweden which was published for the benefit of the hopelessly wounded who were being transported to their homes by the Swedish Red Cross. The booklet, in German, was distributed to the invalids as they passed through Sweden.

Finally she found the form in which she felt she could best make her protest against the war, and her novel *Bannlyst* (*The Outcast*) appeared in 1918. The central figure of the book is Sven Elversson, a son of peasants in the western skerries of Sweden, who has been adopted by a wealthy English couple. He has been a member of a British polar expedition which became notorious because, when one of its members died, the others had eaten his flesh. Sven has no recollection of having taken part in the gruesome meal; he had been delirious with fever, but the others—diabolically—make him believe that he is guilty in order that he shall not inform on them. When the matter comes out in spite of them, Sven's foster parents disown him and he goes back to Sweden. His own parents take him in and stand by him, but the neighbors will have none of him. The very children refuse to study in a schoolhouse built by the "cannibal." The lowest and meanest and most degraded of men are his only companions, and even they feel that they have a right to look down upon him. His humility and effort to atone seem only to irritate people.

Nevertheless the years of active goodness and unselfishness have their effect and prepare the way for the climax. This comes when, after the battle of Jutland, a number of bodies drift ashore in Sweden. Then it is Sven who insists on decent burial for the corpses and in fact does the heaviest part of the work himself. He feels that by this act of reverence for the dead he is atoning for his sin against death many years ago. The deed marks the end of the neighbors' antagonism against him. They are really tired of persecuting him, and in the face of the colossal sin against life which is war, Sven's sin against death sinks into insignificance.

The Swedish critic Stellan Arvidson, whose book on Selma Lagerlöf deals chiefly with her position on social and ethical questions, thinks *The Outcast* the greatest of her works in the quarter-century between *Jerusalem* and the Löwensköld Cycle. In this opinion he stands pretty well alone. The idea is original, and no book by Selma Lagerlöf can fail to show the hand of the master. Nevertheless it is not artistically on a par with her other works. She has deliberately set out to enlist against war not only moral abhorrence but physical disgust. But such horrors

as the eating of human flesh and the dead bodies floating on the surface of the ocean do not come within the field in which she moves with natural ease and grace. One might perhaps apply to the book what she herself said of Fredrika Bremer in her fight for the emancipation of women: She sacrificed her popularity as an author for the cause she had at heart.

The passage occurs in a sketch entitled "Mamselle Fredrika," the earliest and one of the most beautiful of the many tributes to distinguished men and women in which Selma Lagerlöf has found an opportunity to express her opinions on various subjects. She conjures up a picture of all the dead old maids of Sweden assembled for a midnight mass to speed the soul of Fredrika Bremer who is that night to die. It is a pathetic gathering of old women with wrinkled faces, ringless hands, and faded garments in fashions of long ago, and they bless the name of the first feminist and "last old mamselle" of Sweden—for so Selma Lagerlöf calls her, no doubt sharing the hope of the early feminists that access to education and paid work would instantly effect a revolution in the position of the unmarried woman. (In her suffrage



Swed. Amer. News Exchange

Singers in "I Cavalieri di Ekebu" with the Composer, the Short Man Standing Behind Miss Lagerlöf

speech many years later, she is considerably less optimistic about immediate results.) She writes in "Mamselle Fredrika":

"And a voice said: 'Sisters, sisters! We were the lonely ones on earth, the neglected ones at the feast, the unthanked servants of the home. Scorn and coldness encompassed us. Our pilgrimage was hard, our name a derision.'

"But God has had pity.

"To one of us he gave power and genius. To one of us he gave never tiring goodness. To one he gave the glorious gift of speech. She became all that we should have been. She shed a radiance over our dull fates. She was the servant of the home as we had been, but she gave her gifts to a thousand homes. She nursed the sick as we had done, but she fought against the terrible pestilence of prejudice. She told her stories to thousands of children. She had her friends among the poor of all lands. She gave from fuller hands than we and with a warmer spirit. In her heart there was no room for bitterness, for she has overcome it with love. Her honor has been as that of a queen. She has received tributes of gratitude from millions of hearts. Her words have weighed heavily in the great problems of humanity. Her name has resounded through the New and the Old World. And yet she was only an old mamselle.'

The words seem prophetic of what Selma Lagerlöf's own life was to be, and they have often been applied to her.

"Her honor has been as that of a queen." Selma Lagerlöf's fiftieth birthday was a national occasion; her seventieth was an international event. More than a thousand telegrams from all parts of the world brought greetings from those who could not come in person. The post office at Sunne near Mårbacka handled a flood of mail unparalleled in its history. Letters were stuffed into sacks and forwarded to Stockholm where Miss Lagerlöf was a guest in the home of her old friend Valborg Olander. There she received deputation after deputation from organizations covering almost the entire population of Sweden. Dignitaries of Church and State in her home province journeyed all the way from Karlstad to Stockholm to represent Värmland and do homage to its greatest daughter. The newspapers printed words of appreciation from distinguished persons in Denmark, Norway, Finland, Germany, France, England, and Austria. Her own countrymen also added their tributes, from which I cannot resist the temptation to quote one significant phrase, that of Archbishop Söderblom who called the old crofter in *The Emperor of Portugallia* "a second Lear."

In the evening of the birthday, November 20, the opera *I Cavalieri di Ekebu*, based on *Gösta Berling's Saga*, was given at the Royal

Opera under the direction of the composer, Riccardo Zandonai, who had come from Italy for the purpose. It is true, Scandinavian critics were temperate, to put it mildly, in their praise of this Italian version of an old Northern favorite. But the public was not there to criticize. It was there to give Selma Lagerlöf an ovation. The occasion was one of the most brilliant and festive the Royal Opera has ever known. Miss Lagerlöf herself sat in regal state, crowned by her masses of white hair, wearing an ermine wrap over a green dress that was pronounced "a dream," and with her lap full of flowers. After the performance a banquet was given at the Grand Hotel where the Crown Prince presided and said in his speech that if all the people who wanted to honor Selma Lagerlöf were to assemble, there would not be a hall anywhere in the world large enough to hold them.

"She has received tributes of gratitude from millions of hearts." The only author who can contest with Selma Lagerlöf the palm for international popularity is Hans Christian Andersen. But Andersen's fame rests entirely on his fairy-tales, while she has written a number of books that are all more or less widely read. Will they survive the changes in literary fashions as Andersen has done? All fairy-tales, even Andersen's, have suffered in this age when the wonders of reality make the wonders of imagination look pale. Yet *Nils Holgersson* is being read all over the world, often by children of the first



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Selma Lagerlöf at Seventy-five, Photographed on the Veranda of Her Home

generation of readers, and teachers in many countries have testified that it has made Sweden known and loved. *Gösta Berling's Saga* after forty-four years is still the most popular novel in Sweden, and it is difficult to imagine any change of fashion that should dislodge it from that place of preeminence for some time to come. The author's works have been translated into thirty-four languages. In Sweden the sale of single volumes approaches the three million mark, and of this number *Nils Holgersson* accounts for approximately one-fourth.

To the millions who know Selma Lagerlöf through her books must be added other hundreds of thousands who have learned to know her through the stage and especially the film. Among those of her books that have been adapted for the theater in Sweden may be mentioned *Gösta Berling's Saga*, *The Girl from the Marsh Croft*, and *Dunungen (The Fledgeling)*. The last named has been dramatized by the author herself from her novelette of the same name, and gives a charming picture of life in an early nineteenth century manor house with a delightful old-world atmosphere. Gerhart Hauptmann was attracted by *The Treasure* and used it as the basis of a play which he called *Winterballaden*. This has been turned into Swedish again by Selma Lagerlöf herself with the addition of new characters and incidents which make it a very strong play.

The vivid, dramatic quality of Selma Lagerlöf's books and the multitude of diversified people and events that crowd their pages, have naturally attracted film producers. To date eleven of her books have been filmed. It must be confessed that they lose much in the process. The sudden transitions of mood which in the narrative are softened and rendered plausible stand out on the screen with startling crudeness. The mystic borderland between the natural and the supernatural loses its mystery and becomes altogether too palpable. Of course it is better to know Selma Lagerlöf from the screen than not to know her at all, but oh, it is so much better to read her books!

"*Her words have weighed heavily in the great problems of humanity.*" Miss Lagerlöf has fortunately resisted attempts to draw her into active political service. She has, for instance, twice refused to stand for the Riksdag. But in her speeches and articles on special occasions she has made her voice heard. Fourteen years after her famous suffrage speech, another great international meeting was held in Stockholm, the Ecumenical Council arranged in 1925 by Archbishop Söderblom. Once again Selma Lagerlöf was asked to give an address, and to many visitors from abroad it seemed the high point of the conference. She did not this time say anything new or startling, but she confessed her

Christian faith more openly and forcefully than is usual with her. The sense of her deep sincerity and of the nobility of life and character behind her words made the occasion unforgettable.

Mårbacka Again

Although Miss Lagerlöf had created a pleasant home for herself at Falun, she was not able to forget her longing for the place where she had grown up. At the death-bed of her aunt Lovisa Lagerlöf it seemed to her that this old devoted child of Mårbacka laid upon her niece a silent command not to let the old house remain in the hands of strangers. When she journeyed to Värmland to have her aunt buried at East Ämtervik church, the crowds that assembled for the funeral, showing the place the family still held in the affections of the neighbors, touched her heart. She learned that the old house and garden could be purchased and lost no time in acquiring them. A couple of years later the Nobel Prize enabled her to buy the whole estate. For some years she and her mother made the long and rather arduous journey between Dalecarlia and Värmland twice a year, spending their winters in Falun and



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Mårbacka as Rebuilt by Miss Lagerlöf

their summers at Mårbacka. The mother died in the old home.

In 1919 Miss Lagerlöf moved to Mårbacka for good and made it her home the year round. There she has carried on the family traditions as far as modern conditions and the demands of her work will allow her. In converting the modest little house into a stately modern residence, she has been realizing her father's fondest dream. Little remains of the old furnishings, but the simplicity of spirit is retained. There is nothing heavy or over luxurious; everything has a lightness and delicacy in harmony with the house. There is little to indicate that the chatelaine is a world celebrity. It is simply the home of a gentlewoman who has surrounded herself with the objects that suit her taste or for some reason are dear to her.

No one who has read Selma Lagerlöf's works can have failed to notice her liking for physical realities and honest bodily toil. She has the country child's awareness of seedtime and harvest, flowering and fruiting. Often enough

she has described with gusto the homely and pleasant work of converting the products of farm and garden into food, drink, and clothing. She must often have listened to the talk of her father who took great pride in his farm, and in this respect too she is carrying out his wishes. She runs her farm with the aid of a manager, superintending it herself.

The mistress of Mårbacka has revived the old-fashioned patriarchal relations between the owner and the people on the estate. On Christmas Eve, for instance, tenants and crofters with their wives



In the Garden at Mårbacka

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and children, numbering with the household servants about seventy people in all, are guests at Mårbacka, and it is a real party with good cheer, games, and presents carefully chosen and distributed by the hand of the mistress herself. She knows all her people and is able to inquire intelligently after their affairs. Miss Valborg Olander has described such a Christmas at Mårbacka where all the traditional rites are observed, from *dopp i grytan* to candles in the windows to light the early churchgoers on their way.

The gracious hospitality of the old family home has returned, but with a difference. Where once parties from the neighboring estates used to drive up for a merry afternoon of games and charades, there are now admirers and celebrity hunters from every quarter of the globe. One day it is a critic from America, or Denmark, or Germany who has come to Sweden to interview Selma Lagerlöf. Another day it is the members of a class from a girls' school who post themselves and sing outside her windows, or a party of boy scouts who have come to see her, to be photographed on her veranda and, if the gods are good, sleep in her hayloft. Then there are the innumerable individuals who write that they



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In the Salon at Mårbacka

have read her books and would like to call on her. Merely to read and answer all these letters is a big task, but she does answer them and, so far as her time and strength allow, receives the visitors. Others merely drive up to have a look at the house or range their automobiles along the shady lane where they can see the mistress of Mårbacka as she takes her daily outing in her car. Some are pilgrims on foot who walk up to the chain that is stretched across the yard as a gentle admonition not to come too close. Certainly no one who has been privileged to cross the threshold and to be met with that serene kindliness which Miss Lagerlöf extends to her guests will ever forget it.

In the old days Lieutenant Lagerlöf used to amuse himself and his children by fancying that some day the King, who then used to drive through Värmland on his way to Norway, would decide to stop at Mårbacka instead of at one of the more pretentious manor houses in the neighborhood. Unfortunately for him, King Oscar never had his eyes opened to the attractions of Mårbacka, but Miss Lagerlöf recalled these old fancies when the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Sweden were her guests.

Her ability to meet with dignity and without impatience the demands made upon her by a world-wide circle of admirers seems almost as remarkable an achievement as the writing that called forth all this homage. It becomes understandable when we remember that the home of her childhood was a center of hospitality where all sorts and conditions of people were courteously received. When the small Selma and still smaller Gerda had their best dresses buttoned and their kerchiefs fastened by their nurse and were told to go down and entertain the company until their parents could put in an appearance, no doubt the future famous author was getting her first training in that tact and poise which have enabled her to hold the position she now occupies in the world's regard.

It would be impossible to endure the summer influx of people if it were not for the long Värmland winters. Then the mistress of Mårbacka has time to enjoy the peace of her own household, to commune with her books, and to live in the memories that make Mårbacka precious to her.



Gammel Estrup, Now a Manor Museum

Ghosts and People in Danish Manors

BY CARL DUMREICHER

FOR MORE than three centuries stately manor houses, the proud memorials of remote and spacious days, have reared their walls and towers in all parts of Denmark. Generally they are situated in the midst of very beautiful natural scenery. For like the monks of the Middle Ages, who always preferred to found their monasteries in places where woods and water afforded good opportunities for hunting and fishing, the noblemen of the Renaissance understood how to choose the best sites for building. Consequently the Danish manor houses always, and especially in the summer time, form an important feature of the landscape. Their red or white walls peep out amongst blue lakes, green woods, and yellow fields. They are not hidden deep in the surrounding park. Rather they have taken care to be visible from almost every side and thus dominate the whole region round about

them. While the medieval castles are the expression of a restless and uncertain age when the dwelling had to be protected against attack, the Renaissance manors bear witness to their owners' delight in a beautiful home and a multitude of guests.

Those Danish manors which have survived war and fire are therefore a living piece of Denmark's history. True, their golden age is gone beyond recall; but they are still rich in memories of Danish history and Danish culture. Every building has its own style of architecture. Some bear the stamp of the Renaissance, others of the baroque, rococo, or Empire periods. The rooms contain furniture, pictures, and books from just as many different periods and often of great artistic value. The management of the fields and forests has frequently been exemplary, because it could be carried on regardless of expense and with a view to a distant future. Every manor seems to have its own particular distinguishing feature—an elegant formal garden in the French fashion or a park in the English style; sometimes a well stocked and well preserved library; now a select collection of paintings and now a magnificent banqueting hall. Often the owners have been men famous in history of whom the marble epitaphs on the wall of the country church near by, or the silver plates on the velvet coffins in the crypt still tell. And supplementing these, we have what legend and poem have further to relate.

There are manorial estates in all parts of Denmark, but sometimes they are far apart and sometimes they lie side by side. There are practically none in those districts where the Crown lands were: in North Sjælland, on the island of Falster, and in the regions around Skanderborg and Kolding. There are very few in West and South Jutland. But they form a broad belt down along the east coast of Jutland, and there is a whole cluster of them out on the peninsula of Djursland. They are scattered over Fyen and Lolland and are congregated in groups in Central and South Jutland. They may be situated on artificial or natural islands, on the outskirts of forests, on the crests of hills, or in the midst of fertile meadows and fields, but they almost always seem to harmonize with their surroundings and form the natural center of the landscape. Some are unchanged and others have been remodeled, some are well kept up and others are in disrepair, some are hospitably open for Sunday visits and others are rigorously secluded. In a country which is so small that a motorist can drive in one day from Gedser to Skagen or from the Sound to the North Sea, they will become more and more objects for the attention of tourists and will acquire renewed importance as excellent material for visual instruction in history.

When the World War sealed the boundaries of Denmark as well as other countries, I was obliged to forego spending my summer vacations in study trips to European national libraries. It occurred to me that hitherto no Danish librarian had investigated the large private libraries which were to be found round about in the Danish manors and many of which had been begun in the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries. With the aid of the Danish Ministry of Education, I traveled around during the whole four years of the War from one manor house to the other. I was everywhere received as a welcome guest, for all the owners were interested in obtaining more accurate information about their libraries, and I had the pleasure myself of making a number of bibliographical discoveries. At the same time I not only learned to understand the architectonic beauty and the historic atmosphere that characterized almost all these manors, but also heard about the many legends and stories connected with them, and experienced here and there things for which I have not been able to find any natural explanation.

One particular Danish manor has very recently acquired a peculiar



The Great Hall at Gammel Estrup with the Original Gobelins

and entirely new function. Over in East Jutland, the region south of Randers Fjord is full of large manors. The most dignified and the most characteristic of these is Gammel Estrup, whose three red wings with towers and corbels rise high above a broad and verdant river valley. The walls are without ornament or other embellishment. Everywhere one sees only the bare, smooth stone. It is an austere and unapproachable but at the same time imposing structure. The estate had not been in the market since the time of the Danish King Valdemar Atterdag, but had belonged to the same family for almost six hundred years. Now both manor house and estate had to be sold. The new owner promptly presented the main building and the garden to the public. The old manor house was again fitted out with beautiful and valuable furniture and paintings from various museums, and is now itself a manor museum to which people drive from all parts of the country. The Danish government has undertaken its maintenance and preservation, and the manor has now become a goal of unique interest for tourists and students.

While I was at Gammel Estrup I experienced quite a remarkable little discovery. When I came to the manor—before the sale—I was naturally taken first to see the great hall with the ten famous Gobelins, showing pictures of the ten manors which in olden times had belonged under the main manor. The old Countess pointed to them as we stood in the enormous room and said: "The time was when we Scheels could drive from Estrup to Ulstrup on our own land." It was a distance of a good thirty-five kilometers. She then showed me a secret staircase that had been discovered a few days before in one of the outer walls which were as thick as those of a fortress. It began in a window embrasure and led down to the foot of the wall and thence out of the building. At some time a sheaf of grain had been placed in the middle of the staircase. It had gradually turned entirely to dust, but had retained its original form and only when touched resolved itself into a cloud of fluff. A few ears, however, had kept their firmness and looked now as though they had been hammered out of silver.

I had been traveling around that summer among the manors in northern Jutland. Close by the North Sea lay two long, low, whitewashed buildings with masonry two yards thick. This was Odden, Denmark's northernmost manor. It was very little I got to know of its history, however, for a previous owner had allowed the maids to use all the old documents and deeds as kindling in the fireplaces. Consequently I could get no explanation of the idea behind the curious double cross on the outside of the main wing. On the other hand, it was easy to understand why the deep window embrasures had everywhere been provided



Odden, the Most Northerly Manor in Denmark, with Its Strange Double Cross in the Masonry

with built-in gossip seats opposite each other, while inside the thick walls, square sound channels ran from room to room, so that one could speak into them and be heard in other parts of the building without moving. Both the seats and the speaking tubes are built on the model of those in

the Italian cloisters whence the ideas had somehow or other wandered northwards.

It really seemed as though every single manor were an adventure in itself and had its own story to tell. It was always with a certain feeling of excitement that I cycled into the court. I wonder what I shall experience here? My first impressions were always pleasant. I was met everywhere with a hospitality and a heartiness which made it a delight—whether my visit lasted a week or just a few days—to be the member of a circle in which such a pleasing balance was maintained between the custom of the house and the comfort of the individual guest. Not that the various manors at all resembled each other. Every single place had its own way of daily life just as it had its own characteristic form. You simply had to find out what that was and govern yourself accordingly. If you were able to do that, association with the family and all the many other guests was very easy. In the morning you were your own master and could have breakfast when you wished. The luncheon hour was definite, but you did not need to come if you wanted to work or go on an excursion. Not until dinner did all the guests assemble in evening dress and spend a few hours together afterwards. But we always broke up early, for some wanted to go to their rooms and others to go for a walk in the park. The circle dissolved as though of itself, giving everybody a feel-



Nørre Vosborg with the Remains of the Old Ramparts

ing of perfect freedom to do whatever he most desired at the moment.

At one particular manor they followed the patriarchal and in itself beautiful tradition of having all—family, guests, and servants—begin the day by assembling for a brief morning service and morning song. I shall never forget these morning hours at Nørre Vosborg close by the North Sea, when the old mistress of the manor sat alone at the huge oaken table in the dining-room with the Bible in front of her, while outside the window the sea gleamed blue in the sunlight and every now and then we heard the roar of the waves borne thither on the breeze. Aside from this, however, it was a marvelous old manor house. Every child in Denmark is familiar with its name from the story in the Danish reader of how its architect on his journey away from it was overtaken by a messenger on horseback who announced that the tower was leaning. The architect did not look back, but answered quietly: "The tower is not leaning. But one day there will come a man in a blue cloak. He will make it lean." And so it happened. The North Sea finally washed in so close to the first Nørre Vosborg that the manor had to be moved farther inland. From the garden pool where we used to like to come

together in the evening to watch the sun go down, we could faintly see, far out in the green meadows along the shore, an oblong mound. Yonder was where the manor had originally stood. The portrait of its owner, who had ordered his messenger to strike the architect down if he believed him and turned round, still hangs up in the great hall above a large plate cupboard.

On the island of Fyen, Denmark's most luxuriant island with manors strewn abundantly over it, I stood one day in the garden of Broholm in front of the strangest house in Denmark. I had already discovered in one of the rooms of the same manor another strange thing. Over beside one wall there was a half circle of masonry. This was simply the top of a well from which the inhabitants, if they were to be shut up in the castle itself, could always get the necessary water supply. I now discovered in the garden a little log house containing nothing but a collection of stone axes from antiquity. But all the axes were tightly wedged onto modern wooden handles. One of Broholm's owners was also an archeologist and had taken it into his head one day to prove that it had been quite possible in the stone age to build wooden houses simply with the help of these primitive tools. Every tree had therefore been felled with stone axes, every beam hewn out with stone axes only, and every stud fitted and joined to the other studs without the use of either nails or iron bolts. When it was finally completed, all the axes which had been used were placed in the log house itself. No better proof of their practical value could be asked for.

But strangest of all to me was it to meet with those mysterious things which in the daytime, when the sun is shining, one is inclined to deny, but which in the evening, when the shadows come creeping forth from all sides, one begins none the less to believe in. It was just



A Log Cabin at Broholm Manor, Built Entirely with Stone Implements

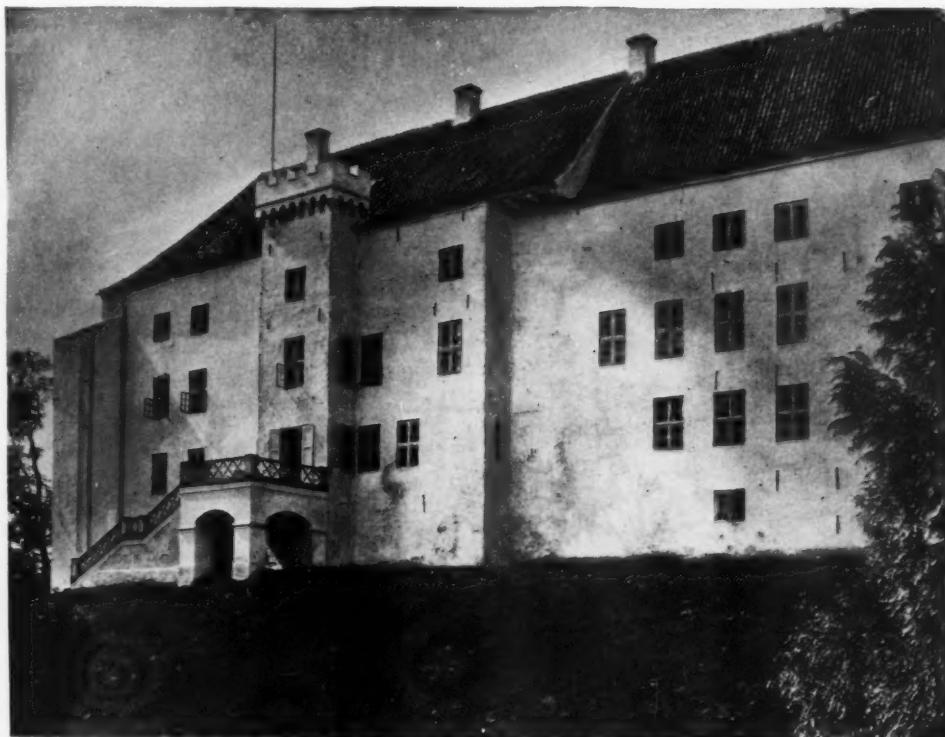
dusk as I entered the gate of the Jutland manor of Tjele. To my surprise I noticed up on the arch over the gateway an iron ring in which an ordinary dungfork for spreading straw or manure was firmly clamped. My host could give me no other explanation than that this dungfork had been in that position throughout the whole existence of his family and must never be removed because it was the good-luck emblem of the manor. Curiously enough, when the big barn burned down one night a year or two later, the fork was not found the next morning in its usual place on the gate of the manor. It had fallen down and was lying on the ground. Superstitious or not, anybody who understands the significance of the fact that for centuries a thing has been so and not otherwise will let the dungfork be and not tempt fate. Shortly afterwards, I visited a manor where a happy future depended upon leaving a certain cupboard and a certain painting always in that certain place which the founder of the family had chosen.

Now I have never been superstitious myself, and consequently have never been afraid to spend the night even in so-called haunted chambers. In fact I have done so a number of times without seeing or noticing anything at all. At one manor which was very old but fully equipped with all modern conveniences, I found dangling down from the ceiling just over my bed a cord the thickness of a finger with a push-button at the lower end of it. The servant, noticing my inquiring glance, explained at once that it was not any sort of bell arrangement, but an electric light contact. Most of the guests, he added, did not care to sleep in this room, because as soon as it was dark there always seemed to be somebody very close to them. The cord had been provided so that anybody who wakened up in the night and thought he noticed something could immediately switch on the light and see in all directions. But neither there nor at Rosenvold near Vejle was I visited by any white or grey lady. Another night in another place, however, I was to experience something which up to the present has remained quite inexplicable to me and genuinely mysterious.

Most Danish manor houses have some story or other connected with them of how, every now and then, in this particular corridor or in that particular room, one may meet with figures in old-fashioned clothes who are not of this world, but seem to come and go through walls and closed doors. They do not as a rule portend evil or sorrowful events. They merely wander back to places which have once had a special significance for them and appear alike to permanent residents and to casual guests. These stories come right down to our own day. About the turn of the century, Vedbygaard in central Sjælland was owned by the

Bishop of Sjælland himself and should thus have been fortified against ghosts or apparitions. Nevertheless, a lady who, together with her husband, was paying a summer visit to the bishop was awakened in the middle of the night by hearing a clanking noise. Then in the moonlight she was able to discern two armor-clad men fighting with each other until the one fell before a stroke of the sword. She wakened her husband, but at the same moment the sight vanished. When she told the bishop's wife about it in the morning, it appeared that, without suspecting it themselves, they had passed the night in the very room where a murder had once taken place but where no one for many years had experienced anything unusual.

I have myself heard the young Countess of Nørager in West Sjælland tell how one evening after a hunting dinner she was just about to retire when she heard whispering voices and light steps from the garden. She peeked out, thinking that it was some of her guests having a rendezvous in the moonlight or simply taking a last evening stroll. And then she caught sight of a whole company out on the big lawn. The

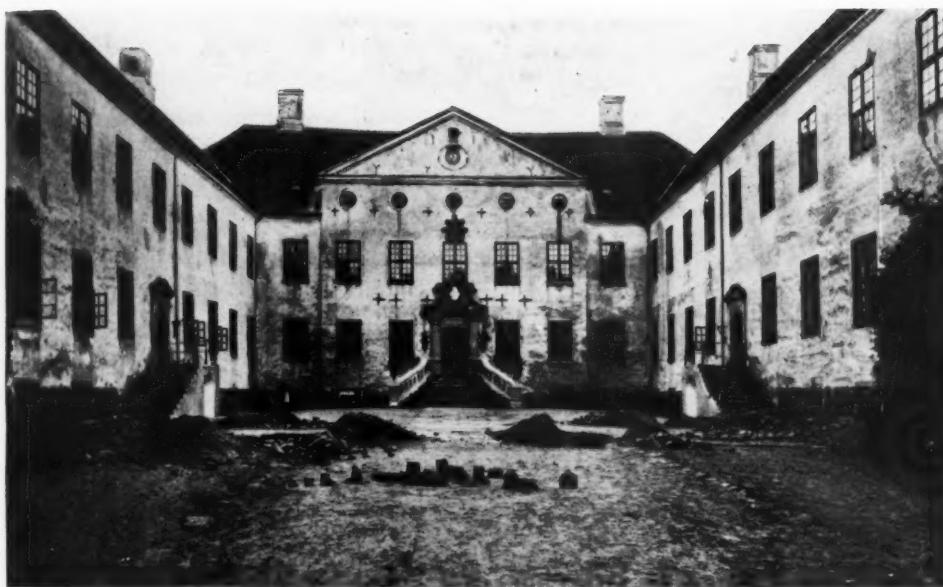


Dragsholm, Where the Earl of Bothwell Died in Captivity and Where His Ghost Still Walks

old-fashioned costumes and the foreign language, which seemed to be French, made it plain to her at once that for the first time in her life she was beholding the famous rococo society of Nörager. When her husband wanted to know why she was leaning out of the window and listening so intently, she simply beckoned him over to her side. Then he too was able to see clearly, out on the moonlit lawn, a group of people in the elegant society attire of the eighteenth century. They talked softly together, walked back and forth, and were waited upon by liveried servants, until couple after couple disappeared in the dark alleys and the whole park again became desolate and still.

At Dragsholm castle in northwestern Sjælland, which still has walls an ell thick from the Middle Ages and which from its embankment looks far out over the Kattegat, the guest may sometimes meet a man in an old-fashioned and foreign costume. This is the Earl of Bothwell who became the third husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, but who was exiled after the wedding and had to flee to Norway. There he was recognized and sent as prisoner to Copenhagen, thence to Malmöhus, and finally to Dragsholm where he died. In the little country church of Faarevejle, close by the castle, there still stands an oaken coffin containing his body. Through a glass plate in the lid one can see his broad, square-cut face with its coarse features and its strangely melancholy expression. Thus anybody who happens to meet him on one of the stairways of the castle or down in the cellar, where he was for a long time chained to the wall, can immediately recognize him.

One summer morning I wakened up in a guest-room at Clausholm castle in East Jutland and amused myself by thinking that for a whole week now I could wander about at will in the huge five-winged building, then uninhabited, with over twenty empty or at least only sparsely furnished rooms, and in the park round about with its softly whispering alleys of lindens, its variegated flower beds, and its shining fish ponds. This deserted castle and this sequestered park belonged of course to Denmark's most romantic manorial estate. Here it was that long ago King Frederik IV of Denmark had fallen in love at a carnival with the very young and lovely Anna Sophie Reventlow. Clausholm castle is filled to this day with memories of Anna Sophie, whose father owned the castle but died while his daughter was still quite young. A year or so after his death, the King visited Clausholm, saw Anna Sophie at a masquerade in a red silk grenadier's costume, and immediately fell in love with her. When her mother opposed the union, the King simply carried the young girl off one summer night, had a left-handed mar-



Clausholm, the Scene of Frederik IV's and Anna Sophie Reventlow's Romantic Love Story

riage performed, and when his rightful spouse died, raised her to the throne as Queen of Denmark.

There is a peculiar mood of mingled gaiety and woe over all that we know of this royal love story. Anna Sophie Reventlow was apparently an attractive and impulsive woman with a happy and gentle disposition. Both the letters between the King and her, of which it has justly been said that they are characterized by the most tender sentiments and the most appalling orthography, and the many costly gifts to her labeled with all sorts of humorous inscriptions are proof that their love was mutual and constant. But there are also sorrows and shadows in the picture. All their six children died in infancy and when at last King Frederik IV himself died, Anna Sophie spent thirteen gloomy years at Clausholm where she lived in the memory of her dead consort and tried to atone for her sins by religious devoutness and acts of benevolence. Many a night she wandered weeping from room to room, sighing over her lost happiness. The new King was not gracious to her, but after her death he gave permission that she too should be buried among the other royal personages in Roskilde Cathedral.

Anna Sophie died at Clausholm with her eyes fixed on Frederik's portrait. The signet that she used as widow bore around the letters A. S. the following inscription: "I mourn his death and my life." I



A Corner of Anna Sophie Reventlow's Private Sitting-Room with Its Fine Stucco Ceiling

did not know that Clausholm also hid invisible memories of the time when the castle had had its own court. On the second last night that I spent there, however, I had a very strange experience.

In the evening I had sat as usual on the stone stairway outside the main entrance until the tower clock struck ten. A grey figure then appeared and began to sing: it was the night watchman who every full hour sang the old watchman's verses and Clausholm was the last place in Denmark where this custom was still held in honor. Before I went to bed I remembered to lock the door carefully so that no one could come in during the night. I was the only person in the castle and was therefore responsible for it. Late at night I was suddenly awakened by a creaking noise from the Queen's sitting-room which was right beside my bedroom. It sounded as though a door were being slowly opened. I

knew, of course, the whole of this love story about which a Danish author had that same year written a long novel, and I could dream about it either in the room which was still called the Queen's bed-chamber, or in her sitting-room, or in the little castle chapel where the door to the pew in which she used to sit still bore her crowned monogram. Up in the attic in a great wooden chest lay the remains of the red masquerade costume in which she had captivated the King, while in one of the rooms stood a pair of enormous clothes-presses with traces of the wax seals that were put on them after Anna Sophie's death. But I

got up, lit the candle on the little table beside the bed, and set out to close the door. But just as I was about to enter the study, I heard a new sound, this time of heavy, slow footsteps. At once I felt sure that I must have forgotten to lock the door and some vagabond or other was hunting for a place to spend the night. With the candle in my hand I stood still and listened. I counted twenty-two distinct steps in all. The fellow must be very close to me now. I pushed the little jib-door open. The sitting-room was quite empty, but the folding door into the next room, which had certainly been tightly closed in the evening, was now standing wide open. I walked through the whole castle to investigate whether there were anybody anywhere else in the building, but all the rooms were quiet and empty. Finally I rattled the old entrance door and found it locked. I then went to sleep again, calm in the conviction that I had made a mistake in hearing. In such an old building it was only reasonable to expect that the beams might now and then give from age and thus produce all sorts of noises. But in the morning when I was drinking tea with the old woman who lived in a little house outside the park and telling her both about the door and about the steps, she said to my astonishment: "Those steps are known to everybody here at Clausholm. But the baron forbade me to tell you about them lest you should be afraid to sleep alone in the castle. Both my husband and I have heard those steps many times when we have been locking up over there in the evening."

When the old baron died a year or two later, his eldest son took over Clausholm. One day he asked me to tell him what I had experienced there. I did as he wished, but added that I believed that the sounds had a natural cause. He shook his head, declaring that his wife had also had strange experiences in the castle. One autumn evening while he was reading his paper and she was sewing, she suddenly felt a hand gently stroking her hair. She thought it was her husband and turned round, but saw him sitting far over in a corner reading. When she turned again to the table to go on with her sewing, she saw part of an arm in a black silk sleeve and a hand sticking out from a lace ruffle enter the circle of light under the lamp shade and appear to brush something off from the table. She saw it very distinctly and recalled at once that this room in which they were sitting was the former servants' hall from the time of the Queen. Why then doubt the reality of the heavy steps? I had to agree with the baron. I had indeed actually heard exactly twenty-two heavy, slow steps as though of a sick or sorrowful person, and could, if I were to be entirely honest, neither deny nor explain them. Neither could I explain why, not having heard about them in advance, I had

heard them in precisely this way. Nor can I explain, moreover, why other guests who have slept in rooms beside the chapel have sometimes been awakened by hearing murmuring voices from within. The last time I visited Clausholm an elderly lady said to me: "It is nice that you are to be in this wing too, for all last night there was such a commotion in the Queen's chapel that I could hardly sleep." Now that night I did not experience anything at all, but slept safely in the four-poster under the beautiful ceiling with the Italian stucco ornaments and King Fred-erik's gilded and crowned monogram in the center.

Only once did I get a real fright. At Lerbæk in South Jutland I slept at my own request in the haunted chamber which lay in a low, one-storied, ivy-covered wing with a broad moat coming right up to the wall. In the middle of the night I was startled out of my sleep by the touch of a clammy hand on my face. But when I had hurriedly lit the light, I found the explanation. On the pillow sat a frightened little frog. It must have crawled up the ivy on the wall and from the open window hopped farther into the darkness and landed down on me. Shortly after, it hopped out again into the moat without suspecting that it had played ghost in most lifelike fashion.

I found many interesting books during the four years that I was visiting the Danish manors and learned to know many interesting people and buildings. But perhaps my most vivid memories are of the nocturnal peregrinations of the dead Queen at Clausholm and the lively night visit of the little frog at Lerbæk.



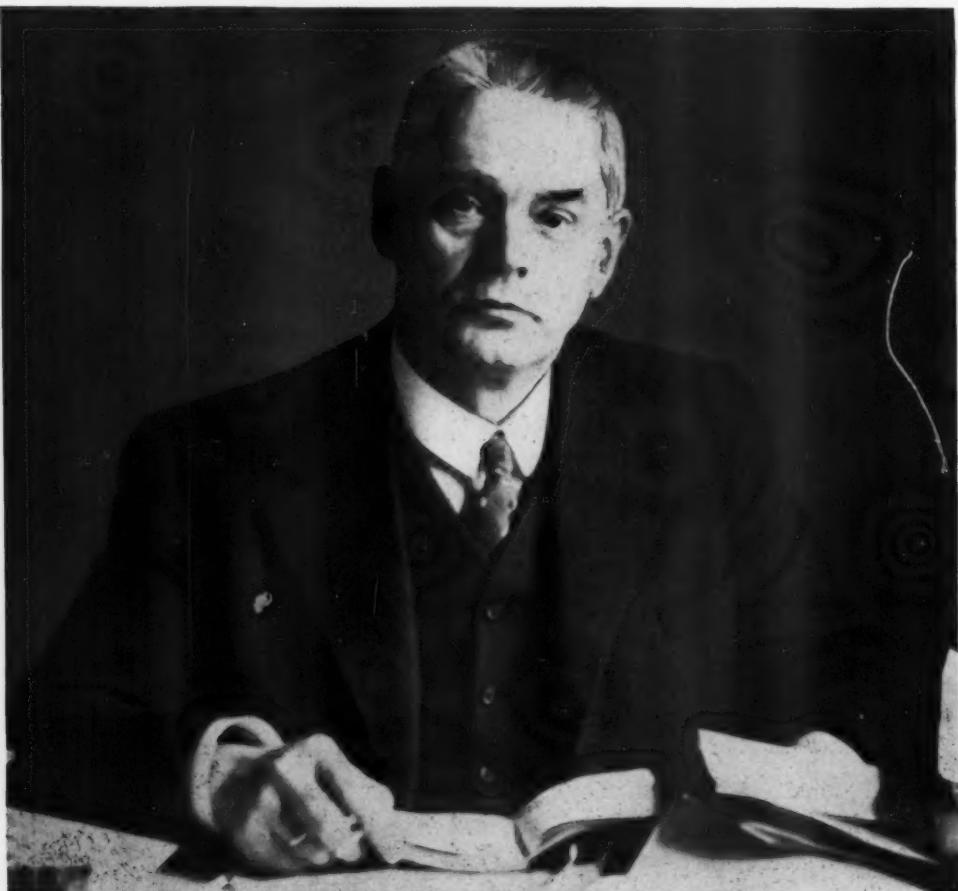
Halvdan Koht, Norway's Foreign Minister

BY HANS AMUNDSEN

WHEN AFTER the election of 1933 a Government drawn from the ranks of the Labor Party began to be considered a serious possibility, all eyes turned naturally to Halvdan Koht as the man best fitted to take the portfolio of foreign affairs, and when, on March 19, 1935, the Labor Cabinet became a reality, with Johan Nygaardsvold as premier, Professor Koht accepted the post of foreign minister.

The confidence Koht inspires not only among his own partisans but even among his adversaries was demonstrated when the new Government laid its program before the Storthing. Speaker C. J. Hambro, leader of the Conservative party, declared that Nygaardsvold had by his side a foreign minister who possessed a fund of historical and political information, and who on several occasions, when carrying on negotiations for his country, had shown an ability and a comprehension of affairs that augured well for his success in his new position. It can hardly be said to belong to the ordinary amenities of political life to pay a tribute of this kind to an opponent. In the present case, when it was a new Labor Government that was before the bar of parliamentary and political judgment, Mr. Hambro's words may be regarded as especially significant as an expression of esteem for the contribution Koht has made to the intellectual and political life of his country.

Halvdan Koht is indeed one of Norway's great sons, one of the chieftains. His life work has been along three lines; he is eminent as a scholar, a politician, and a language reformer. He is perhaps most widely known for his brilliant achievements in the field of historical research. He has made weighty contributions to the history of Norway and has shown the class struggle in its historical connection, tracing the rise first of the peasants and then of the laborers. In a number of excellent biographies he has given us a deeper understanding of our country's great writers, scholars, and politicians. I may mention particularly his biography of the Liberal statesman Johan Sverdrup and his two-volume life of Ibsen which has become known in America through an English translation. He has edited the letters of Björnson and Ibsen for publication. He has written books full of keen observations on American life and history, based on repeated visits to the United States.



Foreign Minister Koht

Koht's production has been so gigantic that a mere enumeration of his works would go beyond the limits of this article. I shall therefore confine myself to quoting the estimate of his colleague, the historian Sverre Steen, written for his sixtieth birthday in 1933. Steen writes:

"His life work is by no means completed yet, and we have no right to regard his production up to the present time as a finished whole. Nevertheless, what he has done even now gives him an undisputed place among the foremost historians our country has fostered. His production is just as many-sided as that of P. A. Munch. It includes history of literature, economic history, and general political history, Norwegian as well as foreign. It contains biographical works written with great thoroughness and exactness, model editions of letters and source documents, keen analyses of single problems or individuals, historical hand-

books, and popular writings on Norwegian and European affairs, besides innumerable newspaper articles."

Steen stresses the fact that Koht is an excellent judge of source material. "He was the first to apply modern methods of critical source study to the Norse-Icelandic sagas and thereby robbed them of that almost biblical authority which they had enjoyed for the past two hundred years. His demonstration that Snorre's chronology before the year 1000 cannot be correct has long since been accepted by scholars and is now gaining ground also among the general public. Everybody now knows that the battle of Hafrsfjord¹ must be moved from 872 to about 900, but only a few know that Koht moved it." Steen is undoubtedly right when he says that through everything Koht has written we may follow a single unifying line: Fellow-feeling with the national aspiration of the people and with the submerged class. In Norway this has through long ages been two aspects of the same movement, because the upper class was for centuries unnational, and therefore the rise of national feeling and the rise of the lower classes often went hand in hand. In almost everything that Koht has written the leading theme is either national or social.

But Koht is not only the research worker, the scholar, and the wise observer who draws his conclusions and traces historical connections. He is at the same time an administrator of note and has been a leader in the work of scholarly and academic organization. In addition to activity in various Norwegian associations, he has taken part in a number of international congresses and has won a name in the world of scholarship in Europe and America. When the "Comité international des sciences historiques" was organized in 1926 he was made its first president. He served until 1933 and presided at the congress held in Oslo in 1928 where historians representing about thirty nations took part. In the winter of 1930 to 1931 he lectured at Harvard University.

In political affiliation as in his principles, Koht has been from his youth a Socialist with a strongly national program. We have from his hand a number of valuable works giving historical surveys of the Labor movement at home and abroad besides Socialist pamphlets and countless newspaper articles. In these as in everything he writes there is a calm objectivity. He allows the facts to speak.

No one who knows Koht can doubt that he would have made a distinguished parliamentarian, but as it happens he has never been a member of the Storthing. On the other hand, he has been active in local

¹ The battle of Hafrsfjord was that by which Harold Fairhair won his signal victory and from which the existence of Norway as a united kingdom is dated.—ED.

politics in his own township, Bærum, near Oslo. The practical form his interest has taken has been a surprise to many. They have wondered how he could find time or inclination to busy himself with the details of local government. But in fact he has been a prime mover in such matters as the regulation of the township, the planning of highways and viaducts, the parcelling out of land for homes, the means of relieving unemployment, and so on. In all these things he demonstrates his warm affection for the neighborhood in which he has his home.

Halvdan Koht is as far as possible from what we have been accustomed to regard as the professorial type—a man who sits in his study in slippers, absent-minded and impractical. Koht radiates energy in every line of his sturdy, close-knit figure. He has the vitality of a man who lives much out of doors—although I presume he has had little time in his busy life to cultivate outdoor sports. His whole personality gives the impression of mental and physical soundness and integrity. He is in touch with realities, with a keen sense of the timely, and yet retaining his own strongly-marked individuality.

Since he took office as foreign minister, he has set a new pace in the department. The first to arrive in the morning, he has his notes written and the work of the day planned before the members of the staff are at their desks. His point of view is always individual. His wide historical knowledge gives him a sure grasp of international questions and is felt in his daily work. He keeps well abreast of contemporary events and is a diligent reader of newspapers.

As a speaker, Koht is not so much the agitator or the orator by the grace of God as the lecturer, sober and convincing, objective, thorough, exact. It is felt that he never, even in pleading for a cause, allows himself to be drawn into saying anything thoughtlessly or bringing any argument that cannot be defended to the limit of his own strong demand for integrity. For this very reason he makes all the deeper impression on a mature and thoughtful audience.

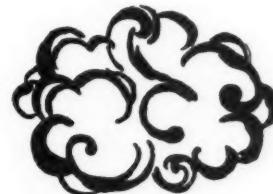
Since 1919, Koht has been a member of the Nobel Committee of the Storthing which awards the Peace Prize. He has also been president of the Norwegian Peace Society. In his speech at Geneva recently, where he was spokesman for the Northern countries, he made a strong plea for peace. When the committee for foreign affairs of the Storthing met on October 6 to discuss the situation with the foreign minister, it voted unanimous approval of the policy which the Government had expressed at Geneva: Loyalty to the covenant of the League of Nations.

Finally a few words about Koht's work as a language reformer. He has for many years been a leader in the campaign for what is known as

New Norwegian, but he takes a line somewhat at variance with the orthodox one. He builds on the living language as it is now spoken, and wants to carry out a consistent Norwegianizing of the written language with a view to uniting the different forms in one. It is now many years since he adopted this principle, and it has not always met full approval from the *landsmål* organizations. It looks now, however, as if Koht's line will prevail and that sooner than anyone had thought possible. A commission representing both camps, which was appointed by the Government some time ago to work out a unifying of the two forms of written Norwegian, has recently made its report. Koht was a member of the commission. The report is unanimous in recommending a reform of the orthography which will lead to one form of written language for the whole country.

Through his own authorship, in which he has consistently employed a modified form of New Norwegian, Koht has done much to pave the way for a union of the two forms. As a member of a committee appointed by the Labor Party in 1929, he urged that the party should work in the press and through the schools to further the influence of the spoken language, giving it a larger and larger place within the two official forms of written language, and ultimately uniting them into one.

Halvdan Koht was born in Tromsö in northern Norway, in 1873. In 1901 he received a teaching fellowship at the University of Oslo and since then he has been connected with that institution, for the last quarter-century as full professor. His wife is Karen Grude Koht, a well known educator and writer on child psychology. Their home is at Lysaker near Oslo.





The Opera House

Opera in Stockholm

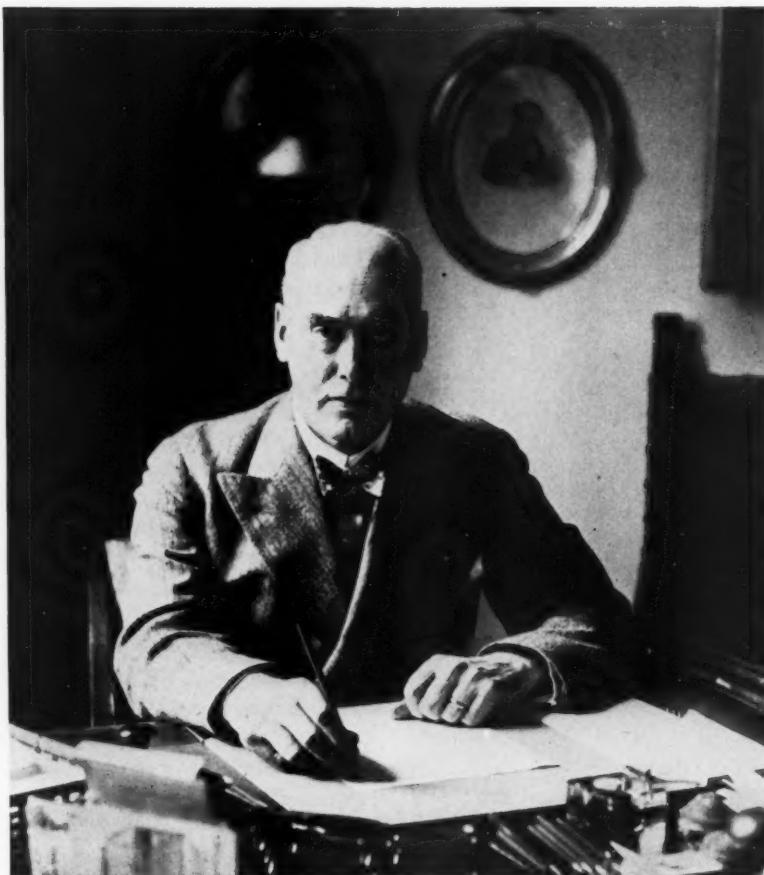
BY TURE RANGSTRÖM

TWELVE YEARS ago opera in Stockholm was able to celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its inauguration, which took place in January 1773 under the illustrious patronage of Gustav III. In September 1932 another celebration was held in honor of the fine old Opera House built by Adelcrantz which was opened in 1782 on the same site as the present structure. For almost four decades now the "new" Opera House built by Anderberg has stood at Gustaf Adolfstorg, mirrored in the eddies of Strömmen; and now as of old the waves of interest, strife, and affection rise high whenever the Opera is discussed.

Visitors to Stockholm and those familiar with opera in other countries generally speak about the Royal Swedish Opera and its vital, inspiring contribution unique

in the North with much more respect than we ourselves are in the habit of doing. But deep within our hearts we nevertheless cherish an inborn love of our opera, a love which survives the passing of time and the changing fashions of taste, for we are intensely conscious of how much it has given us in the way of artistic experiences.

Indeed it was an important chapter in the history of Swedish civilization that was opened so sonorously and magnificently by Gustav III. The King was inspired with enthusiasm for what he had seen in the South, and ardently desirous of raising the level of Swedish national culture. He wished to improve the Swedish language and inculcate an understanding of the drama, and he regarded the international operatic art of his day, with its emphasis on style and its plastic decorative character, as the best means to



John Forsell, Director of the Opera

attain this end. Swedish opera was not born, therefore, out of any spontaneous impulse of Swedish music and poetry for expression on the operatic stage. Rather, it grew out of a conscious desire to use speech and song as a means of national refinement. But it may well be that, underlying this purpose, the King had an intuitive perception that the Swedish temperament in its essence was lyrical and rhetorical. The result was soon manifest in a brilliant efflorescence of artistic song, dramatic style, and lyric talent, bringing to light characteristic national attributes in other fields besides that of opera. The names of singers like Jenny Lind, Kristina Nilsson, Arvid Ödman, and John

Forsell, whose careers embrace about a century in our Opera, all express in different ways something typical of the content of the Gustavian tradition. And yet these are only a few of the most eminent names in the flourishing demesne of Swedish song.

Combined with this tradition, there was developed a lively appreciation of the great masterpieces of operatic art, and this too was a part of the royal plan. Stockholm early became acquainted with the European classical composers, both the great and the not quite so great; with Gluck, Lully, Cherubini, Mozart, Rossini, and Bellini; with the romantics Weber, Marschner, and Nicolai; with the men of



Helga Görlin as Madame Butterfly

grand opera, Spontini and Meyerbeer; with the whole musical dramatic art of the nineteenth century whether of Italian, French, or German origin, with Verdi, Wagner, Gounod, and Bizet—to mention only a few of the most important. It may be stated without reservation that none of the significant or in the best sense timely works of operatic literature have been overlooked by the Swedish Opera in the course of its history. A repertoire of such volume and richness is generally unknown on any except the very largest stages of the Continent, but in Sweden this tradition, now developed into a system, has been consistently followed to our day. What this generous policy, resulting in a

constant succession of musical and dramatic impressions from masterpieces of every style and type excellently performed, has meant for Swedish cultural life can hardly be overestimated. Not only have these works been presented by our own artists, but the management has seen to it that the Swedish public has kept abreast of the development of lyric dramatic art through frequent guest performances by leading talents from world stages.

It has been said above that Swedish opera did not spring directly from any musical-dramatic impulse in the national temperament. From the viewpoint of musical composition, its character was at first international, and to a certain extent it still preserves this international stamp—as do most of the other operatic stages of the world. For only the nations that possess within their own ranks such composers as Mozart, Weber, and Wagner, as Rossini, Verdi, and Puccini, as Gounod, Massenet, and Bizet, are in a position to put an exclusively national and easily accessible repertoire at the disposal of their artists and public. Nevertheless, operatic composition in Sweden has not been inconsiderable.

In the old Opera House the lyric dramatic dilettantism of the nineteenth century flourished to a certain extent, with Ivar Hallström as its most talented and attractive exponent. His *Den bergtagna* was highly popular. We have only one Swedish classicist, Franz Berwald, whose *Estrella di Soria* and *The Queen of Gondona* both contain fine and in spots brilliant music but are unfortunately unsatisfactory from a textual standpoint. In the new Opera House the old faithful Wagnerian Andreas Hallén contributed an effective acting opera *Valdemarsskatten* (The Valdemar Tribute) which had a considerable and lasting popular success. With Wilhelm Stenhammar the new age was approaching, although neither his fine lyrical ballad opera, *The Feast at Sol-*

haug, based on Ibsen's early drama, nor his *Tirfing*, a Scandinavian opera in the Wagnerian manner, were long lived in the repertoire.

Among the Swedish composers now living, Wilhelm Peterson-Berger is a consciously purposeful dramatist of ideas. His *Arnljot* belongs to the foremost works of the national school. Of his other operas, mention might be made of *Ran*, *Adils and Elisif*, and *Domedagsprofeterna* (Doomsday Prophets). Among the younger composers Natanael Berg has contributed a powerfully conceived historical opera *Engelbrekt*; Ture Rangström, operas based on Strindberg's drama *The Crown Bride* and Holger Drachmann's melodrama *The Middle Ages*; Kurt Atterberg, an imaginative popular Midsummer play based on Anders Österling's poem *Bäckahästen* (The River Horse) and the magnificent medieval legend *Fanal*; Hilding Rosenberg, the modern musical play *Resa till Amerika* (Going to America). It is gratifying to note that the interest in musical-dramatic art seems to be very much on the increase among Swedish composers, who only a few decades ago were devoting themselves almost wholly to lyrical works.

At the head of the Royal Theater—the official title of our Opera—we have for the past ten years had one of Sweden's most distinguished artists, John Forsell, an indisputable authority in the field of singing, opera, and opera direction, who has shown himself to be also an administrator and manager of the first rank. A strong man and a brilliant artist, he has earned a sovereign reputation far beyond the boundaries of his native land. Under his eminent leadership the Stockholm Opera has not only preserved the best in the classical, aristocratic tradition—not for nothing is John Forsell a Mozart interpreter with few equals—but has also gone on to develop in a modern spirit the artistic standard of the lyric stage, bring-



Jussi Björling as Romeo

ing it to a significant level of popular and truly democratic expressiveness. He knows how in knightly fashion—for *Don Juan* is certainly his star rôle, although he has also strong artistic sympathies for the ready humanity of the Meistersinger Hans Sachs—to combine each season the old opera's courtly bow to the royal house and the aristocracy with a practical and farsighted gesture of homage to the people, the young, and the lowly, who had formerly no such access to the proud abode of opera. At a jubilee a few years ago one of the trusted men of the Swedish democracy uttered the winged words: "You have made the Royal Theater a house of the people!"

John Forsell has worked out a systematic plan of improvement for the opera season. This plan includes a number of subscription presentations, an extensive series of cheap popular performances with selected programs, a cycle of much appreciated opera evenings for school children, and a number of valuable so-called popular matinees intended to attract the large Sunday audiences. In this way he has created a solid framework for the continu-

choral programs, presenting music by Handel, Beethoven, Verdi, and others. The many-sidedness of the repertoire is illustrated by these performances; about fifty works are produced every season from the classical, romantic, and modern schools, together with a number of operettas and ballets. As a matter of fact the Royal Theater presents a repertoire which in variety and richness is not outshone by any of the great international stages. Recognized foreign authorities have expressed their admiration for the high artistic standard which, in spite of the relatively modest resources as regards the size of the ensemble, marks the performances of this extensive repertoire.

A large part of the credit for this capacity for production must be ascribed to John Forsell who is a man with a unique facility for intensive work. He has made another important contribution in this respect too. The Swedish Opera, being subsidized by the State, is under an obligation to share its activities with the whole country. To fulfil this obligation, John Forsell has initiated a series of carefully arranged guest performances. It is no easy matter for an opera company to tour this incredibly elongated country of ours, but a happy beginning has been made. Besides this, several triumphant operatic visits have been paid abroad: to Helsingfors in 1931, to Copenhagen in 1933, and to Oslo in 1934. These visits, which involved the transportation of all the required scenery besides an army of artists numbering about two hundred, were organized by the opera chief himself, and have won new and hitherto undreamed of honors for the Swedish Opera.

John Forsell has understood how to choose a staff of artistic co-workers who help to carry out his intentions superbly and maintain the artistic prestige of the theater. Nils Grevillius, the leader of the Royal Orchestra, is an excellent conductor of that patrician body of true-born musicians. His stage managers are Har-



Gertrud Pålson-Wettergren as the Princess Eboli in "Don Carlos"

ance of operatic activity, satisfying the various categories of the population of the city and country, while at the same time the comprehensive repertoire which our opera has at its disposal is carried on in the customary theatrical manner. At present about 260 performances are given annually at the Royal Theater, some of which consist of choir concerts with big

ald André who has a Continental reputation and the artistic Ragnar Hyltén-Cavallius who is also famous in the films. In the artist John Jon-And the theater has at its disposal a scene painter with a vivid imagination and a modern point of view, and in Gunnar Broberg an ingenious stage engineer. The ensemble of the opera consists at present of a staff of 34 soloists, an orchestra of 67 members, a ballet corps of 30, and a chorus of 46. The ballet master is Julian Algo, and the choir master is Kurt Bendix, both, like the orchestra conductor Herbert Sandberg, first-rate new acquisitions from the German stage.

It is impossible here to give an adequate appreciation or characterization of the singers of the Swedish Opera. A few names must suffice for a cursory presentation. We have the dramatic lyric soprano Brita Hertzberg, who has sung a great variety of rôles but is particularly famous for her Isolde; the lyric soprano Helga Görlin, whose repertoire extends from the title rôle of Hervé's *Mam'zelle Nitouche*



Joel Berglund as Hagen in
"Götterdämmerung"



Einar Beyron as Rodolphe in
"La Bohème"

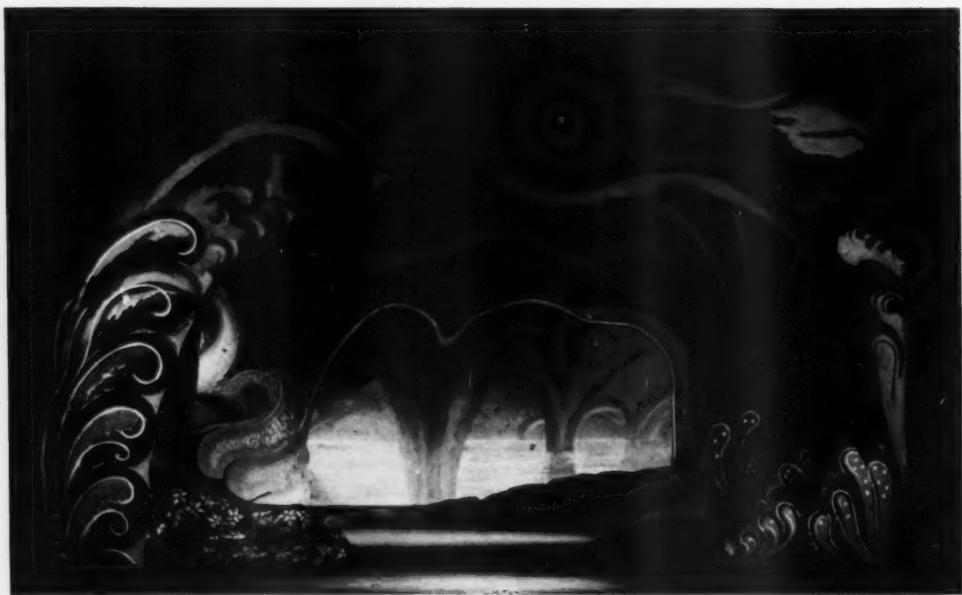
to that of *Madame Butterfly* and to Susanna in *The Marriage of Figaro*; the English born coloratura soprano, Stella Andreva; and the mezzo-soprano Gertrud Pålson-Wettergren who portrays dramatic characters all the way from Ortrud in *Lohengrin* and Carmen to Boccaccio and the Csardas Princess. Astrid Ohlson, who was born in Elgin, Illinois, sings Rosina in *The Barber of Seville*, Lakmé, and Gilda in *Rigoletto*. Other notable names in the brilliant soprano and mezzo-soprano section are Karin Rydqvist, Elsa Ekendahl, Irma Björk, and Brita Evert. David Stockman has been for many years one of the opera's most dependable romantic tenors. The versatile Einar Beyron sings Parsifal and Tristan as convincingly as he does Cavaradossi in *Tosca* and the beggar student in Millöcker's *Der Bettelstudent*. Then there is the new young tenor star Jussi Björling for whom world success is already predicted.

Ole Strandberg sings the tenor rôles in *Tosca*, *Madame Butterfly*, and *La Bohème* and Oscar Ralf is the versatile interpreter of Wagner's Siegmund and Siegfried. Among the baritones we note Einar Larsson who sings Almaviva in *The Barber of Seville*, Wolfram in *Tannhäuser*, and Scarpia in *Tosca*, and Joel Berglund, whose rôles include Wotan in the *Ring* dramas, Gurnemanz in *Parsifal* and Mephistopheles in *Faust*. Leon Björker is a magnificent *basso profondo*. Mention should also be made of the *basso buffo* Emile Stiebel, the character actor Simon Edvardsen, the light opera singer Folke Cembraeus, and the two baritones Sven Herdenberg and Carl Richter, who sing Escamillo in *Carmen* and Amfortas in *Parsifal* respectively. These singers have all, of course, fulfilled other tasks besides those referred to above. In so extensive a repertoire as that of the Stockholm Opera, versatility is essential. The individual

artist must have a large number of rôles at his command.

Adaptability in the artist, the buckling of the will to meet new and ever growing tasks, is, moreover, one of the ideals which have always dominated John Forsell as singer and manager and one of the great demands which he has made upon his co-workers. There is a classically severe but inspiring will to live up to old tradition and create new. Without this demand upon knowledge, self-discipline, submissiveness within the art, and respect for work, the delicate art form of the opera might perhaps no longer be alive.

John Forsell has set his strong shoulder against attacks and musical disarmament tendencies. He has raised his mighty voice in defense of the sublime art. The Swedish Opera is well served by a man of his caliber, and neighbors and foreign lands harken also to his authority.



Decoration by Jon-And for the First Act of "Tannhäuser"

All Photographs furnished by the Royal Opera in Stockholm

The Avenger

BY OLAV DUUN

TRANSLATED FROM THE NORWEGIAN BY TRYGVE M. AGER

OUTSIDE it was both winter and spring, and the sun shone brightly into the room where they were sitting. He was the son who had returned home, and they sat there together, his mother and he. In her face still remained the brightness that was hers and hers alone.

"Yes, now I have come home!" he had said. He had put such emphasis into his words that his mother had sat looking at him; she seemed to be both fearful and happy.

Afterwards she had asked questions and he had answered and told of all the ten long years that had passed since last she saw him, although most of it had been told before in letters. He was now twenty-five, and she was past fifty. He had struggled hard both on sea and on land, he admitted, but now he had *come home* and now he was the man he had purposed to become.

Was it, then, a farmer he had wanted to become? she wondered.

Well, that's what he was now, at any rate. He was managing a big farm and was not without some pennies of his own. So he was able to invite her to come and stay with him any time she might wish.

"Yes, and besides I am grown-up now," he added.

This she could see, and it pleased her deeply. But he said it so strangely? She smiled and said nothing.

He asked: "And 'himself' isn't at home today?"

"Father? No, as I told you, he is at the mill today. And Knut is there with him."

"I for my part have never called him

anything but stepfather," he said and laughed a little.

"No," she sighed, "I guess that was where the trouble lay."

"It was he who was the trouble," he said decisively. "But to think that Knut is willing to remain here and dance attendance on him?"

She looked down.

"Your brother takes everything so patiently," she answered. She sat there, thin and a bit bowed. Her face was grey, to be sure, but it was so genuinely mild in all its features, he thought.

He asked about his sister; he did so with a deep little smile.

Mother bent still farther forward.

"She is working in the city," she said. "But in fact he did not turn her out. And now we'll say no more about that."

Hm. For a while he sat there without speaking. His gaze wandered about the room, his old home, all the dear things of his childhood, and the sun shining down on it, on it and on mother. There was still one whom he wanted to ask about, but that would have to wait till later; her name was Jorunn. Then he said:

"I still have all your letters. I have read them often. Never have I heard of a human being, a mother—"

He had to stop and get a grip on himself, so deeply was he affected.

"I have never heard of anyone treating his wife in the way he has treated you!"

She stared at him in alarm:

"You must not keep those letters any longer, Torstein!"

"He used to call me 'Butterfingers.' "

"Yes, but he did not know better at that time. You must forget what was in those

letters, you must burn them! It was wrong of me to write them."

"Was it wrong for you to tell me about it?"

"Yes. Because it has only hurt you. It seems to me you look so stern?"

"Yes, now I have come back home. I want to talk to him. No, not about the farm here, he can keep that for all I care, but I'm going to —"

"No, Torstein, not that!"

He stared at her. Then he laughed:

"I have slaved like a dog for ten years on sea and on land so that I should become grown-up enough to tell him what's what . . . to help you a little."

"No, no, no!" she implored.

Again he sat looking at her. It was impossible to believe that she could beg for one who had treated her and her children so shamefully. He did not believe it. He only knew how determinedly he had striven so that he would one day be able to sit here and be the man he now was, a self-made and unrelenting man. He had rejoiced with all his soul when he journeyed homewards. Yes, he was still rejoicing. Mother was so small and far too good for this life. He remembered one time when stepfather was shaking her: her head tossed wildly back and forth, her face was unrecognizable. The world collapsed for the three little children who stood there looking on. It was like an ugly lie to recall this now. It must have been the good in her that drew out the evil in him.

If only he could take her away with him! He could and he was going to.

He stood up and began pacing the floor. Suddenly he had to laugh again:

"Every time stepfather whipped me, something inside me sneered back at him: 'That blow you're going to get back again, and that one, and that one!' Let there be many of them, I wished. And that wish was certainly fulfilled."

She only looked at him.

"But when he struck you, mother, my

whole being cried out. The same happened when I read your letters."

"Please don't mention them!"

"Bah! It was only between the lines one could find out anything serious about him."

"But he's not that way any longer."

Torstein smiled his disbelief. He envisioned this, that, and the other.

"You have not even told the half of what you have suffered," he said. "Nor have I told you everything. Sometimes he threatened to throw me into the sea, and I could see that he meant what he said so I never mentioned it. Once he went after me in such a way that I cannot tell of it. Time and again I had to go through that kind of experience. And he never regretted his cruelty, quite the opposite!"

Then she wept. But she straightened up again and with an unexpectedly firm voice she said:

"He is different now. You must remember, Torstein, that I had three children to look out for, and besides I guess I was anything but kind to him. I was—yes, I was not even in love with him!" she confessed, and then she appeared thoroughly terrified. "The worst of it is that I too have wished revenge on him," she whispered. "So you see it has been difficult for him. He is very different now."

"We'll soon find out about that. I can hardly wait to talk to him, man to man. But it's Knut I'm wondering about. How could he bear to stay on here?"

"Yes, it is hard to understand. As I said, he has been patient."

He has been a slave, thought Torstein. A thrall. But it would be strange to see him again, to see the little brother once more. It was true that he had always been a patient fellow, and not much at standing up for his rights; but Knut had never called his stepfather anything else than stepfather, either. And whippings did not frighten him much. Still it had been un-

bearable to hear him scream while it was going on. A gruesome memory.

Ah well, there was one here now who had come back to square up various old scores. He ought to be able to do his brother a good turn, too, if it should come to that. Why not?

Mother told that they were deep in debt. Things had become worse and worse. And in the midst of the depression and all the difficulties they had been forced to put up new out-houses, barn and stable had rotted down; and besides they had had to add new blood to the stock, most of the cattle having grown too old. And so on and on; it had meant borrowing and borrowing.

"But it is not *his* fault," she assured him.

They could believe that if they wanted to, he said.

It was strange what strength shone in her face now.

* * *

The men came home from the mill as she sat there talking. Torstein noticed as they entered that they already knew he was there.

His stepfather came straight towards him with his hand extended in greeting. He looked Torstein in the eyes and smiled familiarly, cordially.

"Welcome home!" he said and gave Torstein's hand a powerful squeeze. "It's none too soon!" he laughed. Then he looked cheerfully at mother and asked: "Did you recognize him when he came?"

Mother was too happy to answer. But there was Knut, there he stood . . . was he really so tall and full-grown? Knut was a little flustered as he greeted his big brother, still a bit wavering in his glance, but this was a different fellow from the one to whom he had once bade farewell.

Questions and answers followed in rapid succession, the room had never been so full of life since stepfather came there. This was fine, but Torstein missed the cozy stillness that had been here before,

that had reigned here a few minutes before. It was almost as though he missed his mother, too; she seemed to vanish from him amid all this everyday talk.

His stepfather had grown older, his hair and the small shaggy sideburns were silvery gray now, but the gray became him. His eyes were still piercing, his nose just as high-arched, and his jaws just as bony as before, his mouth just as long and narrow in its maliciousness—this was the face of the devil incarnate! It did Torstein good to see it.

And in his stepfather still remained that suddenness of movement, no one could say which way he would turn at the next moment or what sort of cursing he would cut loose with. His arms hung at his sides as of old, unpleasantly ready, two choice weapons. He was still a formidable opponent. It was worth many hard years just to sit here and see him again. To sit here and know that right soon a tyrant was to be put where he belonged. The more of a struggle he put up, the worse it would be for him. And the better would be the result, too, afterwards.

Torstein hid his fists in his pockets. They were a little too big-knuckled and powerful to display just yet, they had grown hard just as he himself had grown hard. Few there were who had won over them of late. Stepfather's fists were not exactly kitten's paws, either, but they had been used on defenseless creatures, they could quickly be rendered useless.

Torstein got just one glance from him which he recognized.

At dinner stepfather ate just as greedily as ever, savagely as though he were battling a foe, thought Torstein. The worst of it was that Knut too was adopting those same manners. Torstein could see now that there was a vast difference between him and his brother. What puzzled him most was Knut's abruptness towards his stepfather; the boy sat there as if he were his own lord and master.

Added to this he was full of raillery towards the one as well as the other.

"Zowie!" he said to his stepfather, "it's a job keeping up with you when it comes to eating!"

Stepfather did not smile, but he did not grumble either; he let it pass undisputed.

"Did you give the horses water?" he asked.

Knut ate and took his time before answering:

"Yes, and I didn't forget to close the stable door either," he said, looking happily at the older man.

Torstein made the best of it and ate with the others. Mother bustled about and saw to it that all were well fed; she watched them all benevolently.

"Mother does not even think we have food-sense," said Knut, glancing at his brother. "Heaven only knows what she thinks of our sense otherwise!" he sighed.

"The workingman must have his food," proclaimed stepfather; he turned his attention to a final bowl of meat-soup.

Torstein sat there clearing his throat and feeling like a stranger. Before everything had been so simple with regard to stepfather: when he talked he growled like a dog and when he laughed he whinnied like a horse. Now it seemed he had become more human in some respects. Torstein chatted about this and that, but to himself he said that he had not forgotten a single thing. He was as hard and as healthy as when he came here. He was still just as much in the right as when he went away!

* * *

Towards dusk he was alone with Knut who wanted to show him the new outbuildings. They went about from one to the other and came finally to the stable. Ah yes, it was all fine and grand compared to what had been before. Not much remained to remind one of the old days.

"But here," said Torstein, "here's where the old stable stood, I remember. Here's

where we took plenty of punishment, both you and I."

"Yes," agreed Knut, "it was once a week there, too."

"But how about here in the new stable?" Torstein wanted to know. "Have you been getting anything here?"

"Well," answered Knut as he groped about in the chaff-bin, "that which does not happen simply does not exist."

Torstein was silent; he waited till his brother again turned towards him:

"But I can't understand how you could ever put up with it. Why didn't you leave home like me?"

Knut looked at his brother. He laughed good-naturedly; it seemed almost that he was ashamed for his brother's sake.

"Should I have left home too?" he asked.

"No, it's true enough," admitted the other as he stood gazing down. "If it was of any help to mother that you stayed here, then—"

"I figured," said Knut, "I figured that it might be of help to both of them."

"And so you stayed here and stood for the lashings of a—of such a one!" Torstein's voice was hard, bitter.

"It's all in the way one takes it, you see. I took it in my own way, I did. But I've done a little cursing of my own off and on, that I have; and all in all I guess the times have not been so few, either."

He played a bit with the muzzle of the colt, then turned towards his brother, looked searchingly at him and whistled a few notes. One could almost hear how the laughter was bubbling within him.

"You see, I've had one consolation. Because one must find some sort of consolation for himself, that's my philosophy. I have this. Here, I'll show you."

He went to the outer door where the harness hung, and from a nail set off by itself he took down a wide and heavy leather strap with a huge buckle on it. Torstein noticed it was the belly-band from a harness. Knut stood holding it in

his hands. He appeared even taller and broader of shoulder as he stood thus.

"Here you see my consolation," he began, and he displayed the strap as a deadly weapon. "There's power, you see, in a thing like this, eh?"

Hm, Torstein could understand that well enough.

They looked each other in the eyes, intently, almost with hostility.

"There's double power in this," continued Knut. "It was with this he whipped me the day you went away."

"Yes, the day he turned me out."

"All right. It was I who got thrashed for it."

Torstein was burning hot, most of all he wanted to rush right in to stepfather and have it out, but Knut was in his way.

Knut looked around to see if anyone was watching them, then laughed and said:

"Believe me, he did some hunting for this old belly-band afterwards. He asked me if I had seen it. Not since you used it on me, I told him. And I got a whipping for that too. Then I cried so much that mother tried to interfere, and then she got her share of it. But the belly-band was gone."

"Where had you hid it?"

"Beneath the stable floor as long as I was small enough to crawl under there and look at it. After that I kept it under the floor in the boatshed, but that was not safe enough, so I hid it in a crevice in the cliff that he couldn't get to; I cemented it down."

Torstein stared vacantly at his brother. This, he thought, was how things could dawn on a stupid fellow sometimes: Now I see, at last. He must have been through this before.

"Is it long since you brought it out?" he asked.

His brother chuckled again:

"Pretty near a year now, since I quit being a dog around here."

"Did you use it?"

"No, I didn't have to. All I did was show it to him. I had shown him earlier that I was strong enough to handle him. He had rushed at me, you see, to box my ears, but then I grabbed him and held him off and shook him just a little. That helped a good deal, you know. Then it was that I went and fetched this, and asked him if he recognized it and if he remembered the last time he had used it. It was easy enough to see that he did remember."

"How did he look then?"

"That's more than I can tell you. It was first one look and then another. But he did not look like a human being for some time afterwards.

"Well, I asked him to hide this weapon, otherwise I too might get into trouble by using it. I think he was quite pale then."

Torstein did not hear more of what his brother was saying. He saw the incident all too clearly. It was only so unbelievable that this man with the leather strap was not himself. "Here I have come home," he thought, "a whole year too late. Here I stand seeing my life's mission being fulfilled by someone else—that's what it must be like to be an idiot!"

"Since that day it has hung here," said Knut dryly. "I told him it could hang here as a reminder. And as a sign for us, I said, that if either of us should forget himself against mother, I said, then the other should go fetch the strap. Now it hangs here. I doubt that it will ever be used again."

"Yes," said Torstein. "Of course." He put his hand to his forehead; this seemed fitting and proper on such an occasion. "Of course," he said once again.

But finally he got the right slant on it, on that which had transpired and on the two of them who stood there now; after that it was not a problem any longer. He laughed:

"Well, so it was you, Knut, who did it! So that's how it went."

Knut looked at him, a little surprised at first. But it was not long before he laughed too. His eyes shone eagerly:

"Now I get it! You came home to square up accounts, I understand. But what's done is done. He has really behaved nicely since. And so have I."

"I ought to thank you," said Torstein. "But I would have thanked you more if you had told me about it before."

Knut had nothing to say to that. Torstein whistled a little, laughed a little, and then he said:

"It was no disgrace for you, the younger one, when I saw you crying. It was worse for me when you saw me crying."

With those words he had expressed the crux of the trouble; to be sure, it was not more than this. Well, well. Simultaneously there rose before him the vision of step-father shaking mother, the time the world had collapsed for the three youngsters who stood looking on. Now the world was restored for them. That was the main thing.

"You should have taken the farm here too, while you were taking," he said to Knut.

Knut answered that he cared not a whit about having the farm, he was poor enough as it was.

"I don't suppose you know that, either," he said, "that we're face to face with a foreclosure sale here. As a matter of fact, there are several farms around here in the same fix, but that doesn't help us any."

"Are things so bad?"

"That's how it stands."

"Well, in that case not even the belly-band can be of much use, can it?"

"No, I guess it's not big enough for that."

For a while they talked together like men. Twelve hundred kroner were needed for payment of interest alone one of the first days, and more later. Torstein suggested that they could go bankrupt and later buy back the farm for a reasonable price. Knut said this would be too hard on

mother, she regarded it as both a sin and a disgrace. Torstein shrugged his shoulders.

Then he asked:

"Have you spoken with Jorunn lately?"

Knut was like a little brother then, so completely taken aback. He blushed and looked down.

Torstein admitted to himself that he had often thought about Jorunn. She was only a youngster when he went away, but he had written to her and had received some replies; they were short, but sweet, those letters . . . and there had been such sweet warmth in her eyes the last time he saw her. He had never doubted that he would some day look into those eyes again, on a great day, so to speak. Today he had not had much time to think about her, but the wonderment had nestled deep in him, a secret little joy.

And now, looking into his brother's heart, he saw her there!

"Well," said Knut, putting up a determined look, "I might as well say it: Jorunn and I are engaged. Have been for a long time now. And now you ought to stay home for ten years," he added merrily, "because I could take over her farm. It's small, but the debt on it is still smaller. But you know it's hopeless for you here."

"Yes . . . but what will you do?"

"Me?" Knut laughed and turned first one way and then another. "That's just what I don't know! I haven't the least idea."

Torstein shook his head a little, indicating that he was ready to laugh also:

"Well, well. So it was you who got her. Well, who else was to have her?"

It was preordained apparently that he was to be borne steadily downwards today —were there still more disillusionments in store for him? No, absolutely not. Quite the opposite. No, one who has hardened and rehardened himself through ten long years will not let himself be downed—so he himself believes, at least. Good Lord,

if a dream or two be shattered, what of it? No. He turned to Knut and said:

"It isn't quite as difficult as you think."

Knut paused a moment before he turned off the lights. They went outside.

The skies were clear, but the air was mild; the stars twinkled eagerly over the home parish. The lights from the few farms glowed calmly towards one, each home wrapped up in itself seemingly, but above all, peaceful.

"Five thousand is all I've scraped together," said Torstein. "Yes, and then I have the stock and tools and such. Five thousand, and that money I'm going to put into the farm here for as long as you want it, without interest or installments. Let it be a sign that I am not entirely wasted, either; that should serve just as well as a leather strap, shouldn't it? And as proof that I wish you and little Jorunn happiness. You two would be able to get on here for a while then, wouldn't you?"

"Well, now I have said it," he continued. "And I don't know that I could say it in any other way, either."

Knut looked away.

"Well, if you're as foolish as all that," he said finally, "then things look much brighter, of course."

"And that was my intention when I came home . . . that things should brighten up here . . ."

Therewith it was done. They went in. There sat stepfather reading a paper. He

was frowning a bit, but brightened up when the boys entered. Mother looked at them intently, and somewhat nervously.

Torstein told what he and Knut had agreed upon. Stepfather and mother looked at the boys first, and afterwards at each other. Then stepfather laughed, that old high-pitched laugh of his, like the laugh of a half-drunken card-player:

"Believe me, it's none too soon!"

"No, so I heard," answered Torstein.

"That we get a little help from you too, is what I mean. Well, we say thanks, we do."

Torstein smiled. Stepfather looked fixedly at him. He smiled too, because now he wanted to say a word of wisdom:

"We made a man of you, at last," he said. "It took time, and more, but let that be as it may."

A moment later he added, looking at mother:

"If only we can make a man out of Knut now, too!"

"Try!" said Torstein.

No one laughed at that, but there was nevertheless laughter in the room. It was almost as if there sat an age-old one above them, laughing in his wisdom: People could be amusing creatures.

Torstein noticed mother's face. There was new light in it now. It must have been in her heart that she was laughing with them.



THE QUARTER'S HISTORY



MARKED IMPROVEMENT is indicated by a general survey of conditions in Norway during the last three months. The national accounts for the fiscal year 1934-35 show a surplus of 15,500,000 kroner; exports rose from 43,700,000 kroner in July to 51,100,000 kroner in August, whereas the imports remained practically unchanged. The wheels of industry gained momentum and have been humming at a pace which lies 15 points higher than the monthly index number for the preceding quarter. Ships which have been riding anchor in idleness have got their steam up and sailed to foreign shores, and the great Norwegian merchant marine has more tonnage in active use than at any other time since 1930. A banner year in crops brought joy to the farmers who produced 70,000 tons more than last year. Never before has Norway grown so much fruit as this year. The bank fisheries yielded better results in September than in the corresponding month last year, though some of the other fisheries showed poor results. Most dramatic of all was the sudden rise in the price of whale oil. While oil had to be sold last season at a price as low as £9 per ton, this year shortage of animal and vegetable fats on the Continent caused a sudden rise which has sent the whale oil up to £19 per ton. The records of unemployment indicate a status quo. In October approximately 36,000 persons were listed as unemployed—less than 1 per cent of the country's total population.

IN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS Norway has also had her ear close to the ground. Taking her cue from Great Britain, on whose side she stood as one of the four

nations which fought Ethiopia's admission to the League of Nations in 1923, Norway paradoxically became one of that African empire's staunchest supporters in the battle of sanctions at Geneva. At a meeting in Oslo, Foreign Minister Halvdan Koht led his Scandinavian colleagues in a solemn pledge to support the League of Nations in its stand to uphold the integrity of the covenant. Later, at Geneva, Professor Koht denounced the impending war between Italy and Ethiopia as a barbaric manner of settling a dispute. Mr. Koht's speech was a potential indictment of the League. If the League did not enforce the clauses of its covenant calling for sanctions against an aggressor, the death knell would soon ring over the League's great purpose. Later, when the Italian invasion of Ethiopia began, Norway was one of the first countries to place an embargo on war material to Italy, followed by the announcement of a complete export boycott to take effect on November 16. The impending severance of Norwegian trade with Italy will mean a loss of export business amounting to more than 21,000,000 kroner a year. Norwegian ship-owners faced the issue of a possible European war by organizing their own mutual insurance company, which has met with remarkable success.

WHILE NORWAY AND GREAT BRITAIN see eye to eye in the Italian-Ethiopian question, a note of discord between the two countries followed the official proclamation of a new sea territorial boundary off the coast of Norway. In order to protect Norwegian fishermen, the Government fixed the sea territory as within four Norwegian miles off the coast. During the last few years English trawlers have ventured into Norwegian waters, where they have been seized by coast guard vessels. The British Foreign Office is

alleged to have sent a note of protest against the new boundary to the Norwegian government, stating that Great Britain could not accept it as part of international law. Lack of information in the daily press, however, has made it difficult to penetrate into the real official status of the controversy. It is understood that negotiations between Norway and Great Britain as to the possible settlement of the dispute will be opened. In the meantime Norwegian fishermen continue to hold mass meetings at which angry resolutions against what is considered British encroachment in a purely domestic matter are passed.

THE BIRTH RATE OF NORWAY has fallen to such a degree that the future is viewed with alarm by sociologists. In a lecture on "Married Women in Business," O. H. Langeland recently discussed the problem of the falling birth rate. He felt that a solution must be found whereby young women would be attracted to married life and forsake business. No formal action could be taken, he said, to bar women from business or public life; one must rather strive to increase the attractiveness of home life to such an extent that office work and other walks of female endeavor would pale by comparison. Norway was faced by depopulation to such a serious extent that the Norwegian race might become extinct, Mr. Langeland said, adding that to offset the present decline of the population every woman in the land would have to bear from three to four children.

THE QUESTION of securing new citizens in Norway may not yet be solved, but Mr. Langeland might well have dwelt on the excellent work that has been carried on for years in an attempt to improve the stock-in-hand. The new criminal law which went into effect in 1929 has recently been the subject of general satisfaction. According to this law habitual or especially dangerous criminals may be incarcerated beyond the regular prison

term. In a statement to the press Mr. Hansson, chief of the Prison Bureau, through which all such cases must pass, claimed that the system of prolonged incarceration has materially contributed to the decrease of criminality in Norway. Criminals fear it worse than the regular prison terms, because it allows the authorities to keep them in prison up to five years longer than the sentence calls for. Mr. Hansson said that a special penitentiary for habitual criminals was being contemplated.

THE CENTRAL BUREAU OF STATISTICS has recently released a tabulation of the different fields of work of the Norwegian people. Although agricultural pursuits still lead, there is a marked decrease in the number of persons engaged in farm or forest work. In 1920, 881,066 persons were listed in the agricultural class. This number has now been decreased to 839,000. On the other hand, there are more people engaged in fisheries and whaling now than ever before in Norway. In 1920 it was 6 per cent, whereas now it is 7 per cent of the entire population.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION during the last few months has been void of any dramatic eruptions. It seems as though the various parties have reached a mute agreement to work for the common good of Norway and leave party problems alone for the time being. It is truly remarkable how smoothly the present Labor Government is functioning. Then, too, the gravity of the world situation has brought the dissenting factions together. The bitterness of the early depression years seems to be yielding to an almost rotarian friendliness. There is a surplus in the national budget; crops have never been better; industrial enterprise has found new fields and governmental encouragement; idle ships are being chartered for foreign trade; the great whaling industry is in a more advantageous position than for years, and the number of unemployed is relatively small.



SWEDEN

SWEDEN ENJOYED a most favorable situation toward the end of 1935, thanks to a combination of circumstances. The depression had been replaced by a business boom; unemployment was well taken care of by either private or public works, so that less than 13,000 were reported idle; the supply of jobs was declared by the Government Board of Social Welfare to be better than at any time since the first half of 1920, when the war prosperity was not yet over; the crops had been good; there were virtually no strikes; foreign trade was flourishing; political strife was quiescent; no elections were impending, and the Social-Democratic Government sat firmly in the saddle.

BUT ON THE HORIZON several disturbing clouds began to emerge. The war situation in Africa had convinced all parties that the dream of collective security through membership in the League of Nations had been partly an illusion; that Sweden must make greater sacrifices for the national defense, especially in the air and on the sea. The League meetings decided on sanctions against Italy; and Sweden, like all her neighbors, decided to cut off Italian imports, to lay an embargo on arms to Italy, and in general follow the lead of Great Britain in trying to stifle the war. For any small power to defy a large one, even one as far away as Italy from Sweden, is a serious step that may have the most far-reaching and unforeseen consequences. Never at any time in the past has Sweden had anything but the most amicable relations with Italy, and a time for reprisals may yet come. But this was a risk that the Labor Government took with the most whole-hearted support from all parties, including the ultra-Conservatives. The new foreign policy, there-

fore, caused no party strife and is not likely to do so in the immediate future. In other words, Sweden showed itself willing to make sacrifices to enforce peace, acting in perfect conjunction with its Scandinavian neighbors.

FOR INVADED ETHIOPIA, all Swedes felt the natural sympathies that go to an underdog. There was also the fellow-feeling for an attacked small power, a fellow-member of the League. Furthermore, Sweden had maintained in Ethiopia for many years missionary schools and medical stations. It was these schools that first attracted the attention of the Ethiopian authorities to Sweden, and before he succeeded to the throne Emperor Hailie Selassie made a prolonged personal visit to Stockholm. This was returned last winter when the Swedish Crown Prince, Gustaf Adolf, and members of his family included Addis Ababa in their Near Eastern tour. Shortly after his coronation, the Emperor asked for the services of a Swedish diplomat as a personal adviser, and Dr. Johannes Kolomodin, an Oriental scholar and member of the Foreign Office, was assigned. Upon his death two years ago, the Emperor asked for a specialist in aviation and general transportation to succeed him, and General Eric Virgin, former head of the Swedish air force, took the post. Later five young Swedish officers were granted leave of absence, so that they could act as instructors in a military college at Addis Ababa; but when the war broke out they were given their choice of either resigning their Swedish commissions or returning home. Four resigned, and one came back, as did General Virgin, whose health had been impaired. Last summer Sweden signed a special trade treaty with Ethiopia, as it had done just previously with Italy, and plans were announced for regular diplomatic representation at Addis Ababa, jointly with Cairo. In other words, Sweden was prepared for normal relations

with the last independent African state, when Signor Mussolini made his attack.

THE SWEDISH RED CROSS, under the leadership of Prince Carl, sent an ambulance unit to Ethiopia, and to defray its expenses a special public subscription was taken up. It yielded the desired 200,000 kronor in a very short time, and another 200,000 was expected. The appeal for funds was signed by leaders of virtually all parties, as well as by prominent officials of both Church and State. The response was so overwhelming as to indicate the state of public sentiment.

THE NATIONAL DEFENSE situation was thoroughly elucidated by a committee of experts, which had labored five years. The report was not unanimous, but the majority, representing the central parties, advocated an increase in the annual expenditure for military purposes from 120,000,000 kronor to 148,000,000. The Conservatives favored 160,000,000 and the Social-Democrats 114,000,000. The chief technical recommendations were the unification of the command in peace time as well as in war, increased compulsory service from 140 to 175 days, more airplanes instead of new battleships, a new air defense regiment instead of three old infantry units, more small naval vessels for coastal defense, and better fortifications for Gotland in the Baltic.

GOVERNMENT CONTROL OF BUSINESS, particularly in the form of more public monopolies similar to those already existing in liquor and tobacco, is another issue that is likely to come to the fore. The new monopolies discussed affect coffee and gasoline. From these commodities the Social-Democrats believe they could get more revenue for old-age pensions without increasing the cost to the consumers, while the bourgeois groups oppose any further government encroachments in the field of trade. The controversy was introduced

into the last Stockholm municipal elections, where it had no point, and the fact that the Social-Democrats lost a few seats to the Liberals, whom they had defeated in the election before, was interpreted to mean that the issue would be left dormant. On the other hand, the Premier, Per Albin Hansson, announced at the fiftieth birthday party of *Social-Demokraten*, the chief Labor newspaper, that the entire problem of a new economic order would soon be taken up for serious discussion. In other words, if the Labor forces win the next election, they are likely to undertake further socialization of the country's economic structure.

DENUNCIATION OF WAGE CONTRACTS by about 125,000 workers, chiefly the employees of the mechanical industries, was another sign of trouble that emerged in Sweden. These contracts expire by January 1 and had to be denounced before October 1 in order not to be prolonged automatically. In Sweden there is no longer any debate about the rights of workers to bargain collectively; and the preparations of new contracts, based on the cost of living as well as on demands for higher wages, may take several weeks. If there is no agreement, strikes may follow.

A further disturbing sign that may not mean serious trouble, however, was the continued tendency of imports to increase faster than exports. But since a considerable part of the imports consisted of either raw or half-finished materials, this might not be dangerous, but rather indicate continued industrial activity.

PROVIDED PEACE BE KEPT in Europe generally, Sweden looked forward with a great deal of optimism to the coming year. No governmental changes were expected prior to the next election, and the victory of Premier Stauning in Denmark naturally encouraged the Labor forces in Sweden.



DENMARK

THE ELECTION to the Folkething, which took place on October 22, resulted in the Social Democratic-Radical coalition once more being made secure, with Thorvald Stauning as Premier of Denmark. The Rigsdag had been called to meet three weeks previously, and was almost immediately dissolved by the Premier in order that the country might get ready for the election. It was the shortest session in the history of Denmark.

The Government improved its position in the lower chamber by six seats, and now has a clear majority of fourteen, while it is still in the minority in the Landsting, or upper chamber. After the election Premier Stauning declared that the voting was an emphatic endorsement of the Government's policy with regard to the control of foreign trade. The Socialists, after three years in office, polled 100,000 more votes than in 1932, when they had 660,000.

The election was Premier Stauning's challenge to the farmer extremists, who had been very critical of the Government, and had been conducting a campaign demanding a devaluation of the krone to 30 to the pound sterling. The present rate is 22.40 to the English pound. These farmer extremists were incorporated in the L.S. organization which stands for "Those Who Work on the Land." The agricultural element had been dissatisfied with the Government's control of prices. By trying to have the krone devaluated, the farmers expected to increase their income from the export to Great Britain of bacon, butter, and eggs.

THE FARMERS' MARCH on Copenhagen occurred in July, when more than 30,000 of the members of the L.S. assembled before Amalienborg Palace, the residence of King Christian, to lay their grievances

before the ruler. The Premier had warned them that this action would prove futile. This also was the case, for after King Christian had listened to the spokesmen of the mass gathering, he told them that they must address themselves to the constituted authorities, namely the Prime Minister and the members of the Government.

THE VALUTA STRIKE was the answer of the farmers, balked in their efforts to get redress at the hands of the King. The purpose of the valuta strike was for the exporters of farm products to England not to deposit their money in the National Bank, as decreed by the Government, but instead to leave their money in English banks. This, however, does not appear to have helped anybody. Even the Conservatives, who worked strenuously in the election to defeat the Stauning régime, admitted that the valuta strike had proved a failure. It is certain, nevertheless, that the Government is eager to introduce such legislative reforms as might improve the agricultural situation. It is expected that one of the first important steps will be the reduction of the bank rate from 3 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent in order to continue the fight against the depression by making cheaper money available. This would further facilitate the conversion of farm mortgages to a lower interest rate. The recent rise in the price of wheat and other cereals is also expected to come to the help of the farmers.

ADEQUATE TRANSPORTATION facilities between Denmark and the United States has become an issue of moment. The future of the Scandinavian American Line, which for a long time has been the direct link between Copenhagen and New York, is the issue. That the time demands modern ships is realized by everybody in Denmark. But whether the Government should be asked to provide a subsidy, and whether such a subsidy should be accepted,

is a matter which has given rise to opposite opinions.

A. P. Möller, one of the leading shipping men of Denmark, and others no less important in the world of sea transportation, believe that it is a dangerous precedent. They feel that some other means should be found to maintain the company with modern equipment. A special maritime committee is now trying to find out what can be done to alleviate the situation and maintain the Danish prestige on the sea independently of any subsidy.

Whatever may result from this investigation there is no doubt that Danish-Americans rejoice in seeing the old flag atop both on its merchant marine and naval vessels. Commander Evers, of the gunboat *Ingolf* was made aware of this when after a stay in Greenland waters he made a courtesy call at New York on his return voyage to Copenhagen. The Danish colony turned out en masse and made the visit memorable by dinners and various forms of entertainments.

THE MARINE MUSEUM which is now installed in Kronborg Castle, has become one of the show places of the capital and vicinity. Here are to be seen ship models of every character, some representative of vessels dating back to the earliest period in Danish maritime history. The restoration of the interior of Kronborg has been going on for more than ten years. In the Museum are many things having had to do with the old Asiatic Company; nautical instruments of every conceivable kind, ancient and modern; paintings of men who have been conspicuous in the trade and shipping of Denmark during the centuries. Under the direction of Dr. Knut Klem, there has been assembled material which is certain to attract many foreign visitors when the next tourist season comes around. Incidentally, the past season brought to Denmark more Americans than in former years.

ON ITS RECENT VOYAGE TO GREENLAND, the motor schooner *Dannebrog* had on board the nineteen-year-old son of the late Dr. Knud Rasmussen, who now for the first time was to visit the distant land made famous by the explorations of his father. Niels Rasmussen was to take part in the festivities which were to mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Kap York station by Dr. Rasmussen. The ship is under the command of Captain P. M. Petersen, popularly known as "Thule Peter." On this voyage it had on board a British Greenland expedition which is to undertake geographical measurements along the southern Strömfjord and make other scientific investigations.

It was the intention of Premier Stauning to be present at the Rasmussen Thule jubilee as part of his American trip. The latter had to be abandoned owing to the European situation. It is expected that the Thule district will come under the direct jurisdiction of the Government before long.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS ago Denmark laid the foundation for the present constitutional form of government by the meeting of consultative delegates from the island dioceses in the old palace in Roskilde. According to Professor Knud Berlin, the gathering did not by any means aim at upsetting the autocratic régime established by the royal decree of 1665, but nevertheless it became the forerunner for the parliamentary order introduced through the Constitution of 1849. Quoting from Dr. Hans Jensen's work on the subject of the consultative provincial deputation, Professor Berlin states that October 1, 1835, is a date that should be memorable in the history of Denmark's progress toward parliamentarism. It was the time of King Frederik VI, who, while an autocrat in the accepted term of the word, nevertheless was a ruler who contributed his own part toward the introduction of liberal ideas in the country. For instance, Denmark possessed freedom of speech.

SCANDINAVIANS IN AMERICA

Leif Ericson Day

October 9, now officially designated by our government as Leif Ericson Day, was celebrated round about the country in a manner that demonstrated how thoroughly in earnest descendants of Scandinavians are in their demand that the early Norse discoverer be honored. The movement will surely not be allowed to die. Particular enthusiasm was shown in Madison, Wisconsin, the home of R. B. Anderson, now almost ninety years old, whose book *America Not Discovered by Columbus* started the agitation for Leif's recognition. About three thousand were present in the capitol, where the main speech was by Professor Einar Haugen of Wisconsin University, and a greeting from Norway was brought by Professor Björn Helland-Hansen.

The largest celebration was that at Minneapolis, where five thousand persons assembled in the Municipal Auditorium after a parade through the streets. The speaker of the day was Norway's Minister to Washington, His Excellency Wilhelm Morgenstierne. He was introduced by Senator Shipstead. Governor Floyd B. Olson extended a welcome from the State of Minnesota.

Celebrations were also held in Seattle, Chicago, Brooklyn, and Jamestown, New York. In the last named city the occasion was arranged by the Swedish societies, and the main speaker was the Swedish-born mayor, Samuel A. Carlson.

An exchange of radio programs was arranged between Norway and America. Prime Minister Johan Nygaardsvold spoke for Norway. The greeting from America was sent by Secretary Hull and read for him by Major Sigurd J. Arnesen.

A Scandinavian House in Waterbury

Waterbury celebrated the Tercentenary of the State of Connecticut by building

a so-called Settlers' Village of about a dozen houses within a palisade like those used to surround the pioneer settlements as protection against the Indians. The houses were erected by different racial groups in the city. The Scandinavians, being chiefly Swedes with a smaller contingent of Norwegians and Danes, combined in erecting a log cabin in Northern style. Much of the work was done by strong-armed committee members. The chairman of the committee was Mr. J. A. Sundin.

The cabin was dedicated on September 8 in the presence of a large audience of between two and three thousand people. Speeches were made by Acting Consul General R. Arwedson, Consul Helmuth Möller, Consul General E. F. Hougen, and others. It is hoped that the Scandinavian House may be made a permanent institution.

Head of the Good Templars Lectures

Lektor Oscar Olsson, of Sweden, is head of the International Order of Good Templars numbering several hundred thousand members. The Good Templars in Sweden have been not merely a temperance organization but an active force for adult education and for many cultural and social movements. Lektor Olsson was one of those who took the initiative in the formation of the so-called Study Circles which, beginning among the Good Templars, have been copied by other great national organizations.

During his visit here, Lektor Olsson visited the Good Templar organizations and also spoke in English on adult education to a number of groups interested in hearing what Sweden has done in this field.

New Swedish Consul General

Consul General Gustaf Weidel has been appointed minister from Sweden to Brazil and left New York early in November. He has been Consul General here since 1933 when he succeeded Mr. Olof Lamm.

The new Swedish Consul General in New York is Mr. Martin Kastengreen who comes here from Calcutta.

Dr. Eisen Honored

The venerable scientist Dr. Gustavus A. Eisen has just been honored by the King of Sweden who has made him a Knight Commander of the Order of the North Star. Dr. Eisen, who is now eighty-eight years old, has to his credit more than a hundred books besides innumerable articles. He is a biologist and archeologist, but with extraordinary versatility has worked in various fields. In recent years he has studied old glass, and perhaps his most spectacular work has been the monograph *The Great Chalice of Antioch* (1924). This famous chalice has an inner cup which it is thought may have been the original cup used in the Last Supper. On the outer metal cup there are pictures of Christ and the Apostles, said to be the oldest in existence.

The Norwegian-American Historical Association

The tenth anniversary of the founding of the Norwegian-American Historical Association was celebrated at St. Olaf College, Northfield, October 7. At the meeting Professor Knut Gjerset, of Luther College, gave some reminiscences telling of how a few friends, among them O. E. Rölvaag, took the initiative in organizing the association shortly after the Centennial of Norwegian Immigration in 1925. Rölvaag was always a warm friend and enthusiastic worker in the cause. It was announced at the meeting that his widow had donated to the association four hundred titles from her husband's library.

Among the speakers were Professor Theodore C. Blegen, editor of publications of the association; Professor Laurence M. Larson of Illinois University; Professor Paul Knaplund of the University of Wisconsin, and Mr. Kr. Prestgard, editor of *Decorah-Posten*.

Among the Colleges

Luther College, in Decorah, Iowa, is making preparations for its seventy-fifth anniversary which will be celebrated on homecoming day, October 14, 1936. A biography of its first president, Professor Laur. Larsen whose hundredth anniversary was commemorated in 1933, is being prepared by his daughter, Professor Karen Larsen of St. Olaf College, and is expected to be ready for the diamond jubilee of the college.

A biography of O. E. Rölvaag is being prepared by Professor Theodore Jørgensen, Rölvaag's successor in the Norse department at St. Olaf College. It will be published simultaneously in Norwegian and English.

His Excellency Wilhelm Morgenstierne, Norway's Minister in Washington, visited the two Norwegian colleges, Luther and St. Olaf. At the former he delivered the main address on homecoming day which this year was celebrated October 12. Mr. Morgenstierne's first visit to Decorah was in 1911 when, as a young attaché in Washington, he spent his vacation familiarizing himself with the life of Norwegian immigrants and their descendants in the West. Since then he has never lost touch with people of Norwegian race in the United States.

Studying Danish Forestry

That American forestry experts study in Sweden and Norway has long been a matter of course, and now it seems that certain groups have been led also to Denmark. It seems that the island of Fünen presents interesting features of reforestation which have attracted American foresters. One group was conducted by Professor J. Hejberg of Syracuse.

To Lecture on Kierkegaard

Professor Eduard Geismar, of Copenhagen, the world's leading authority on the Danish philosopher Søren Kierkegaard, is scheduled to lecture at Princeton

and possibly other Eastern universities in the spring. The Danish Grand View College in Des Moines has also invited him. Professor Geismar a few years ago contributed an article on Kierkegaard to the REVIEW.

Björn Helland-Hansen Here

Norway's leading oceanographer, the friend and companion of Nansen, Professor Björn Helland-Hansen, has lectured at Wisconsin University and extended his trip as far west as Washington University, where he lectured on Nansen. Professor Helland-Hansen is head of the Geophysical Institute in Bergen.

A Daughter of Branting

Madame Sonja Branting, daughter of the famous Socialist leader, has been visiting this country for the World Committee to Aid Victims of German Fascism, headed by Lord Marley. She came here from Berlin where she had been one of the Swedish delegates to the International Penal Law Congress.

Madame Branting has studied law and maintains a law office with her husband, the lawyer Olof Westerståhl. She is moreover a mediator in the Domestic Relations Court in Stockholm. This means that it is her duty to talk privately with persons seeking divorce and to effect a reconciliation if possible. She said that in about one-fourth of the cases brought to her she was able to induce the couples to try to patch up their differences.

At the Opera

The Metropolitan Opera in New York has received a new Scandinavian star in Gertrud Pålson-Wettergren, of the Royal Opera in Stockholm. She will sing the contralto rôles in Wagner's operas, *Ortrud*, *Brangäne*, *Waltraute*, and others. Madame Pålson-Wettergren is the wife of Dr. Erik Wettergren, the well known writer on art subjects.

Madame Kirsten Flagstad and Mr.



Gertrud Pålson-Wettergren

Lauritz Melchior have been giving concerts together as far west as San Francisco. They have sung some of their famous scenes from Wagner, and Madame Flagstad has delighted her Scandinavian listeners by singing some of the favorite Norwegian songs by Grieg, Kjerulf, and others.

Madame Göta Ljungberg and Mr. Arnoldi Lindi have been singing as guest artists with the San Carlos Opera in Minneapolis. Mr. Lindi, in spite of his Italian name, is a Swede by birth, though he has studied music in Italy.

Madame Kaja Eide Norena has been singing in various cities of Continental Europe, Bordeaux, Berlin, Prague, Munich, and Copenhagen. She will return to the Metropolitan for the coming season.

Swedish Films Shown

Svensk Filmindustri's production of Hjalmar Bergman's *Swedenhielms*,

adapted by Stina Bergman and directed by Gustaf Molander, which was recently given its American première at the Cinema de Paris here, ranks technically and artistically among the most distinguished screen works of the year. Gösta Ekman heads the cast as Professor Swedenhielm, the rôle played on the stage by Anders de Wahl in Stockholm, Poul Reumert in Copenhagen, Pitoeff in Paris, and Otis Skinner here. He is brilliantly supported by Karin Swanström, undoubtedly one of the finest comédiennes of the screen, and Tutta Rolf, the young Norwegian actress now in Hollywood; and all the other rôles are competently handled. It seems a pity that a film of this caliber should not have been supplied with English subtitles.

Scandinavian-American Artists Exhibit

The Sixth Exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture by members of the Scandinavian-American Artists' Association was held at 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, from September 21 to October 11. More than fifty artists participated, by far the greater number with oil paintings. Mons Breidvik contributed pastels, Johan Bull and Knud Merrild water colors. Carl Rinarius showed three landscapes in oil and some pencil drawings. Sigvart M. Mohn exhibited portraits of Dr. P. A. Reque and Mrs. Gustav Osterhus. Carl Sprinchorn had a landscape. Among the half dozen sculptors exhibiting was Christian Warthoe who showed his plaque of Leif Ericson.

Swedish Exhibition in Minneapolis

The usual autumn exhibition of the American Institute of Swedish Arts, Literature, and Science was held in the building of the Institute in Park Avenue, Minneapolis, in the first week of October. The exhibition of crafts, as is customary in the Institute, was divided according to the Swedish provinces or "landscapes" and thus made a particularly intimate

appeal. It revealed an astonishing number of old tapestries and other treasures, even a two-hundred-year-old bridal crown, hoarded by immigrants and their descendants. These could be compared with new products of Swedish crafts which were also shown.

The scope of the exhibition was wide, ranging from the Kensington Rune Stone—still a sign of contradiction—to the latest Aga cook stove.

Swedish Textiles to Be Exhibited

Mr. J. Sjunneson, manager of Sweden House in Rockefeller Center, is arranging a display of Swedish textiles which promises to be unusually full and interesting. The exhibits are being brought over by Mr. Erik Wettergren, author of *Modern Decorative Arts of Sweden*. They will include rugs and hangings as well as linens. The exhibition will be held in the International Building in Rockefeller Center and is scheduled to open December 2.

Georg Jensen Silver Displayed

The suave and delicate beauty of Georg Jensen Handmade Silver has won for this Danish ware a distinct place in the consciousness of Americans. Its popularity is indicated by the fact that the president of the company, Mr. Frederik Leunning, has opened a large permanent exhibition and sales room at 667 Fifth Avenue. In addition to the silver, there is shown Copenhagen Porcelain in the old standard patterns as well as in other more unusual designs, and also the famous Swedish Orrefors glass.

Per Smed Exhibits His Work

The Danish silversmith Per Smed has a full showing of his work in the Colchester galleries in the British Empire Building at Rockefeller Center. It includes his fine and sturdy hand-hammered flat silver as well as some artistically designed brooches and other ornaments.

THE AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

*For better intellectual relations between the American and Scandinavian peoples,
by means of an exchange of students, publications, and a Bureau of Information*

ESTABLISHED BY NIELS POULSON, IN 1911

Trustees: Henry Goddard Leach, President; Charles S. Haight, John A. Gade, William Hovgaard, Vice-Presidents; Hans Christian Sonne, Treasurer; John G. Bergquist, E. A. Cappelen-Smith, James Creese, Lincoln Ellsworth, Hamilton Holt, Edwin O. Holter, George N. Jeppson, William Witherle Lawrence, Hilmer Lundbeck, Charles S. Peterson, John Dyneley Prince, Charles J. Rhoads, Frederic Schaefer, George Vincent, Owen D. Young.

Cooperating Bodies: **Sweden**—Sverige-Amerika Stiftelsen, Grevturegatan 16, Stockholm, J. S. Edström, President; A. R. Nordvall, Kommerserådet Enström, and Professor The. Svedberg, Vice-Presidents; Eva Fröberg, Secretary; **Denmark**—Danmarks Amerikanske Selskab, Ernst Michaelsen, President; Viggo Carstensen, Secretary, Store Kongensgade 72, Copenhagen; **Norway**—Norge-Amerika Fondet, Rådhusgaten 23 B, Oslo; Arne Kildal, Secretary.

Associates: All who are in sympathy with the aims of the Foundation are invited to become Associates. **Regular Associates**, paying \$3.00 annually, receive the **REVIEW**. **Sustaining Associates**, paying \$10.00 annually, receive the **REVIEW** and **CLASSICS**. **Life Associates**, paying \$200.00 once for all, receive all publications.

Trustees' Meeting

The regular autumn meeting of the Trustees of the Foundation was held at 116 East 64th Street, New York, on Saturday, November 2. At a luncheon preceding the meeting the following guests were present: the Honorable C. J. Hamblen, Mr. Paul D. Cravath, Minister Wadsted, Mr. Jonas Lie, Consul-General Georg Bech, Consul-General Rolf Christensen, Mr. Helge Petersen, Minister Morgenstierne, Mr. Lucius Boomer.

Announcement was made at the meeting of the death on September 10 of Mr. John D. Hage, a Trustee of the Foundation since 1911, and the following resolution was passed: "Resolved that the Trustees of the American-Scandinavian Foundation express to Mrs. John D. Hage and her children their deep sense of grief on the death of their associate, John D. Hage. Faithful in the performance of all his duties, loyal in his friendships, Mr. Hage will be sorely missed from the counsels of this board with which he had sat for nearly twenty-five years."

Fellows of the Foundation

Mr. Conrad Westberg, Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden, arrived in New York on September 19. Mr. Westberg will devote his time in this country to bank-

ing organization with particular reference to savings banks.

Mr. Gunnar Wegge, Fellow of the Foundation from Norway, arrived in this country on September 5 and is enrolled at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine.

Mr. Tage Strömberg, Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden, arrived in New York on September 19. Mr. Strömberg is studying at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Miss Hedda Nordenskiöld, Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden, arrived in this country on September 19. Miss Nordenskiöld was awarded a graduate scholarship for the study of biology at Bryn Mawr College.

Mr. Niels Kampmann, Fellow of the Foundation from Denmark, arrived in New York on August 30. Mr. Kampmann is studying the American coal industry both in New York and at the mines.

Mr. Baltzar Jacobsson, Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden, arrived in New York on September 9, and is enrolled at Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa.

Mr. Steffen Holmblad, Fellow of the Foundation from Denmark, arrived in New York on September 27, and is studying at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Miss Margaretta Klingspor, Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden, arrived in New York on October 5, and is enrolled at the Oldfields School, Glencoe, Maryland.

Mr. Bengt Danielsson, Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden, arrived in New York on June 8, and is engaged in research in Boston.

Mr. Harald Bruun, Fellow of the Foundation from Denmark, arrived in New York on September 30, and is studying electrical engineering at various plants throughout the country.

Mr. Sven Brennert, Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden, arrived in New York on August 28 and is studying the corrosion of metals.

Mr. Ragnar Ahrell, Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden, arrived in New York on September 19. Mr. Ahrell is studying the welding industry.

Mr. Ingemar Aae, Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden, arrived in New York on September 29, and is studying accounting in New York.

Miss Hulda Lindvall, Fellow of the Foundation from Sweden, arrived in New York on September 19 and is studying social work at the Essex County Hospital in New Jersey.

Mr. Raymond Charles Bacon, Fellow of the Foundation to Denmark, returned to the United States during the summer. Mr. Bacon studied under Professor Niels Bjerrum in Copenhagen.

Miss Eleanor G. Coit, Fellow of the Foundation to Sweden, returned to the United States in August. Miss Coit who is head of the Affiliated Schools for Workers, studied adult education while abroad.

Mr. Calvin S. Hathaway, Fellow of the Foundation to the Scandinavian countries, has returned to his position as associate director of the Cooper Union Museum in New York after studying modern industrial art in the Scandinavian countries.

Fellows' Publications

S. Foster Damon, Foundation Fellow to Denmark in 1920-21, and co-translator with Robert Hillyer of *A Book of Danish Verse*, has just published a biography of Amy Lowell. The book is put out by Houghton, Mifflin.

Our Classic for 1935

Four Icelandic Sagas, of which announcement has been made, is now ready from the press. The translator, Mr. Gwyn Jones, has contributed a vividly written Introduction and a set of notes that are really illuminating to the general reader.

Mr. Jones, who is lecturer in English Language and Literature at the University of Wales, is a versatile writer. He has recently had published a novel entitled *Richard Savage*, the hero of which is the lovable rascal and minor poet, the friend of Samuel Johnson and Alexander Pope. The novel appears in this country under the imprint of the Viking Press.

Mr. Hambro's Tour

The Honorable C. J. Hambro, President of the Norwegian Storting and a delegate to the League of Nations, arrived in New York on October 18 for a month's lecture tour under the auspices of the Foundation. On the day of his arrival, Mr. Hambro was received by Mayor LaGuardia at the City Hall and was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Goddard Leach at a dinner in the evening. On October 21, he was received by the Secretary of State in Washington, and in the evening the Council of Foreign Relations gave a dinner in his honor in New York. He delivered lectures on various aspects of the League of Nations at the following universities and colleges: Mt. Holyoke, Columbia, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Swarthmore, Princeton, the University of Pittsburgh, Northwestern University, Stevens Institute of Technology, the University of Wisconsin, and the University of Illinois. On October 27, Mr. Hambro delivered a lecture, "Norway Today," at

the Norwegian Seamen's Church in Brooklyn. While in the United States he also addressed the Union League Club and the Norske Klub of Chicago, the Rotary Club of Newark, New Jersey, and was entertained by both the Chicago and the New York Chapters of the Foundation.

The New York Chapter

The New York Chapter of the Foundation held its first Club Night of the Season at the Hotel Plaza on November 1. The guest of honor was the Honorable C. J. Hambro. Madame Charlotte Lund presented a musical program and there was folk dancing in costume under the direction of Mr. Sture Lilja.

The Secretary in Norway

Mr. Neilson Abeel, Secretary of the Foundation, spent the month of July in Oslo on business of the Foundation. While there he was received by their Royal Highnesses the Crown Prince and Crown Princess and by Professor Halvdan Koht, the Foreign Minister. After conferring in Norway with Mr. Arne Kildal, Secretary of Norge-Amerika-Fondet, Mr. Abeel stopped in Copenhagen for a few days to

see Mr. Ernst Michaelsen and Mr. Viggo Carstensen, President and Secretary of Danmarks Amerikanske Selskab.

Visitors

Among visitors from abroad who have called at the Foundation office are Professor Knut B. Westman, head of the theological faculty at Uppsala, and Lektor Oscar Olsson, of Sweden, chief of the International Order of Good Templars.

A Correction

In Professor Ahnlund's article "Five Hundred Years of Parliamentary Government in Sweden" in our September Number two unfortunate mistakes were made in translating from the author's Swedish manuscript. On page 202 it should have read, "The Riksdag was *frequently* called together during the period when the Sture family ruled," instead of "rarely." On page 205 it should have read, "It may be doubted whether De Geer and his henchmen fully understood the nature and ultimate effect of the *two-chamber* system," instead of "two-party system."

THE REVIEW AND ITS CONTRIBUTORS

Thorvald Stauning is the first Socialist prime minister of Denmark. . . . Doris Wetzel Jacobsen has contributed poetry and prose to the REVIEW. . . . Thor B. Kjelland is curator of the Museum of Art Industry in Oslo. . . . Carl Dumreicher is librarian at the University Library in Copenhagen and the author of memoirs and historical works. . . . Hans Amund-

sen is on the staff of *Arbeiderbladet* in Oslo. . . . Olav Duun is best known for his novel series *The Men of Juvik* comprising six volumes. He is the leading dialect writer in Norway. . . . Ture Rangström is a composer whose operas and symphonies are well known in Sweden and on the Continent. He is also a writer on music.



FICTION

The Longest Years. By Sigrid Undset. Translated from the Norwegian by Arthur G. Chater. Knopf. 1935. Price \$2.50.

Sigrid Undset passed her fiftieth birthday in 1932. It seems a bit early for reminiscences; we may still expect great creative works from her, but we are grateful to her for giving us this revealing account of the influences that shaped her mind and character in childhood. The book, which in Norwegian is entitled *Elleve Aar*, is called a novel, but is a scarcely veiled autobiography, describing the author's own life up to the time when she lost her father.

The early part moves rather slowly, but is interesting as showing the extraordinary precocity with which the child received impressions and remembered them. It is interesting too to see that, even at the age of one and a half, Sigrid Undset was oppositional and resented attempts to fool her. The child lived in three worlds. First there was the home of her mother's family in the sleepy little cathedral town, Kallundborg in Denmark, where she liked the life because it was easy, not subject to rule and rote. Then there was the home of her paternal grandparents in Trondhjem, which was just as ordered and systematic as the other had been impulsive. Her grandparents came of fine peasant stock and were both deeply pious. Finally there was the home of her parents. They were modern and liberal, but not aggressively so. They sent their little girls to Ragna Nielsen's School, which was the school patronized by liberals, and was co-educational—an innovation in those days. They did not go to church, but were by no means anti-religious. The Christmas gospel and hymns were always reverently read on Christmas Eve. Both parents had a great deal of moral dignity, in their reserve, their absence of sentimentality, their indifference to externals and contempt for shams. The mother seems never to have scolded her daughter except when she showed signs of minding what silly people said—as for instance when she had to carry a knapsack (Danish fashion) and wear a guernsey to school instead of a bag and a beribboned dress.

Most vital is the child's relation to her father who gave her the earliest intellectual impulses. No doubt it is in memory of him that she has taken the name Ingvild, a feminine form of his. Ingvild Undset, or Seming as he is called in the book, when he died at forty, was already an archeologist of international fame. He lived in his work and talked

of it to his little girl, simply and as a matter of course. In his last illness she read the sagas to him and had learned to read the less difficult ones in the original Old Norse. When she was sent to school she had already acquired an amount of knowledge that made her contemptuous of the thin diet prescribed in the textbooks, and not only that but she had grown accustomed to the scientist's attitude of mind which questioned many things that were taught as facts in school. It must be owned that little Ingvild questioned a great many things. At the age of eleven she had already begun to doubt the existence of a God. It was not that her parents in any way tried to shake her faith, but she realized that all the people she knew, her grandfather, her grandmother, her father, her teachers, and the minister, all had different conceptions of Him. It will be interesting to see in succeeding volumes how Sigrid Undset bridges the gap between the child's scepticism and her own present faith. The book has an integrity and a stamp of veracity that make it an interesting human document.

H. A. L.

A Fool of Faith. By Jarl Hemmer. Translated from the Swedish by F. H. Lyon. Liveright. 1935. Price \$2.00.

This book by a Swedish Finn, published originally under the title *A Man and His Conscience*, was one of the winners in the inter-Scandinavian fiction contest that gave us Christiansen's *Two Living and One Dead* besides several books of lighter caliber. Hemmer's novel grips us by its impassioned earnestness and warmth of feeling. The conception is original and the author has made good use of his highly dramatic material.

The background is that of the civil war in Finland which followed the liberation from Russian rule. The central figure is Johan Samuel Strang, and the first half of the book is his diary. He is the son of a prosperous farmer and is sent to the university in Helsingfors to study for the ministry. He seems anything but fitted for holy orders. He is crude and violent and his sins against chastity are numerous. The redeeming quality in his nature is his deep pity for those who suffer, but his efforts to help them are clumsy and fail. Nevertheless it is through this gift of compassion that he is to rise to deeds of exalted heroism.

He fights as a volunteer with the Whites; it is inconceivable to him that any Finn can side with their old oppressors, the Russians. The description of how a nation is reborn after the victory of Mannerheim has a tender beauty like a Northern spring. But after the victory it happens that Strang is sent to act as pastor in the largest of the concentration camps where the defeated Reds are confined and where many of them are shot as traitors. It is the letters these men write home which reveal to him that they are human like himself and perhaps believed as ardently in their cause.

As long as he is an official of the conquerors, they will have nothing to do either with him or the God he preaches. So he disguises himself as a prisoner, lives among them, suffers and starves as one of them, and at last faces the firing squad instead of another man. He has no illusions about having converted his fellow prisoners, but it was the only way he could show them the meaning of forgiveness. As he goes to his death, he tells the doctor who tries to save him, that suffering is not so hard when one bears it as when one only looks on.

H. A. L.

Monarch of the Glen. By Svend Fleuron. Translated from the Danish by E. M. Nielsen. *Henry Holt.* 1933. Price \$2.50.

Svend Fleuron needs no introduction to American readers. Grim, the monstrous lady pike who unfeelingly ate her own brother, Flax, the overzealous police dog, and Ungin, the little wild horse of Iceland, have not been forgotten. And now we have the story of a roebuck named Piet. "His world was overcrowded, he was driven out to new strange places, to learn new ways, to reap experience, and to find his destiny." Not being a very aggressive young buck, Piet has a rough time with his own kind as well as with their natural enemies. Much of his youth is spent in lonely exile. He is a shrewd fellow, however, and knows how to profit from his own experience and that of others. By extreme wariness and cumulative cunning, he survives long enough to grow an irresistible pair of antlers—just the thing to lend an authentic note to some recent ancestral hall.

We find in this book again the same love of animals and nature, the same close and patient observation, and the same descriptive and narrative power with which we are familiar in Fleuron's other works. Boys and girls will like it because there is no false sentiment and no attempt to write down to them. And to many of their elders the opportunity for an hour or two of vicarious living in the wilds will not be unwelcome. The illustrations by Cecil G. Trew catch the spirit of the book and add greatly to its charm.

TRAVEL

Norway. By Jacob Vidnes. Translated by Walter Guy. *Oslo.* 1934.

This neat little book, edited by the chief of the Press Bureau of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, is intended to serve as a guide for foreign press men, commercial men, tourists, and others interested in Norway, to furnish them with preliminary information, and direct them to the sources from which further information can be obtained. Within these prescribed limits it is admirably efficient. It contains as much information on "historical, cultural, political, economic, industrial, and social conditions" as could reasonably be expected in the compass of some 220 pages and it presents this information interestingly and vividly with the help of statistical tables and colored plates.

Although so deliberately factual, this book is not without interest for the casual reader. The plain, unvarnished account of Norwegian shipping, for instance, makes sensational reading. For Norway, with less than half the population of New York City, has the world's fourth largest merchant marine, and as the accompanying map shows, there is not a navigable quarter of the globe, not a port of any importance in the world, to which her vessels do not sail. For some of us the little chapter on cod liver oil has a peculiar, rather morbid fascination. "It is recorded that cod liver oil was exported from Norway to London about the year 1,000—at that period presumably only as an illuminant." Where then did the little Jutes, Angles, and Saxons get their vitamins A and D?

BOOK NOTES

Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, American minister to Denmark, has written a book about the country to which she is accredited. It will be entitled *Denmark Caravan* and is to be illustrated by the Danish artist Hedvig Collin.

Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire have published another of their charmingly illustrated books for children. The previous books writ-

(Continued on page 378)

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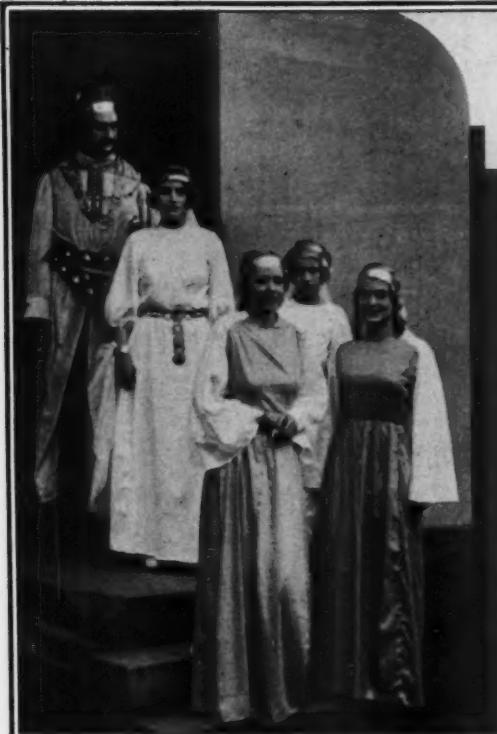
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BOOK NOTES

(Continued from page 374)

ten and illustrated by this gifted couple were called *Ola and Ola and Blakken*. The present is called *Children of the North Lights*, and takes us all the way up to Lapland to the very top of the world. It is published by the Viking Press. The price is \$2.00.

Everybody wants to know about the Swedish *smörgås*, and here is a book that tells how to make them. Gerda Simonson, a Swedish restauratrice with many years of experience in New York, has compiled three hundred choice recipes for snacks and tidbits. The title of the book is in Swedish, *Smörgåsbordet*, but the directions are all in English and the measurements are of course those familiar to American cooks. The little book can be obtained from the New York store of Albert Bonnier Publishing House, 561 Third Avenue.

Isobel Wylie Hutchison, whose articles from Iceland and Lofoten will be remembered by readers of the REVIEW, has just been awarded the Mungo Park Medal of the Scottish Royal Geographical Society for her book *North to the Rime-Ringed Sun* describing her explorations in Arctic Alaska. The medal was presented by the Duke of York.

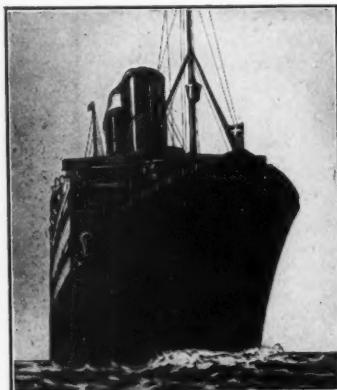
Miss Gerda Mundt, member of the Danish Rigsdag from Copenhagen, visited this country last year and has described her impressions in a book entitled *Fra New York til Yellowstone* published by Nyt Nordisk Forlag, Arnold Busck, in Copenhagen. The book contains chapters on New York, Chicago, Washington, and the West, and finally describes a visit to the Roosevelt home in Hyde Park. Miss Mundt has looked at America with very sympathetic eyes, and just as Mrs. Owen is interpreting Denmark to Americans, so this gracious Danish lady is interpreting the best side of American life to her own countrymen.

Carl Christian Jensen, the Danish-born author whose autobiographical novel *An American Saga* was highly praised when it came out some years ago, has written a remarkable book called *Seventy Times Seven*. It is the outcome of a prison survey made for the National Committee of Mental Hygiene in 1924. In the course of this survey Mr. Jensen visited the prison camps in Texas which he uses as a background for the present novel. It is, however, not a realistic tale, but a psychological study of an unbalanced mind. The book is highly praised by John Dewey, who writes the Foreword. It is published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard in Boston.

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Of *The American-Scandinavian Review*, published quarterly, at Princeton, New Jersey, for October 1935.
State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of *The American-Scandinavian Review* and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

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Business Manager, Neilson Abeel,	116 East 64th St., New York City

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is —. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1935.
[SEAL]

HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN
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SHIPPING NOTES

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The New York shipping firm of Moore & McCormack, which operates the American Scantic Line between the United States and Baltic ports, has opened a new passenger department in Copenhagen, located at 22 Östergränd. V. H. Möller, the present head of the company's passenger department, will be in charge of the new office.

NORWAY'S MERCANTILE FLEET WORLD'S THIRD LARGEST

According to the report of the Norwegian Shipping Association, the merchant fleet of the country is now the third largest in the world, exceeded only by those of the United Kingdom and the United States. The total tonnage of the world is computed at 63,700,000 tons, of which England possesses 17,300,000 tons and the United States 9,700,000 tons. Norway's tonnage is 3,966,700 tons. The Norwegian merchant fleet consists of 1,400 steamships and 448 motorships. Norway's fleet is also the most modern as 16.6 per cent of it is under five years old. Norway, England, and the United States own 73 per cent of the world's tanker fleets.

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The Götaverken shipyards has launched the motorship *Uruguay* for the Johnson Line of Stockholm. Like her sister ships *Argentina*, *Brazil*, and *Nordstjernan* this latest addition to the Johnson fleet is of 7,000 tons, and equipped with Diesel engines. The ships have a speed of 15 knots.

RECORD TRAFFIC REPORTED AT THE PORT OF OSLO

The Oslo Port Authorities report that during the past year there has been a noticeable increase in the port's traffic, both of incoming and outgoing ships. The number of arrivals for the year amounted to 28,196 ships with a tonnage of 8,759,253, an increase of 2,875 ships, totaling 263,715 tons. Of the vessels calling at Oslo, 2,854 were foreign-going ships. The figures for the year constitute a record in the annals of the City of Oslo.

PORT OF ODENSE, DENMARK, TO BEGIN EXTENSIVE IMPROVEMENTS

With an expected outlay of a quarter of a million kroner, the municipality of Odense is planning extensive constructions along the canal which terminates in the port. The engineering firm of Saabye & Lerche, of Copenhagen, is to lengthen the quay by about 300 meters and to undertake other changes made necessary by the increased traffic.

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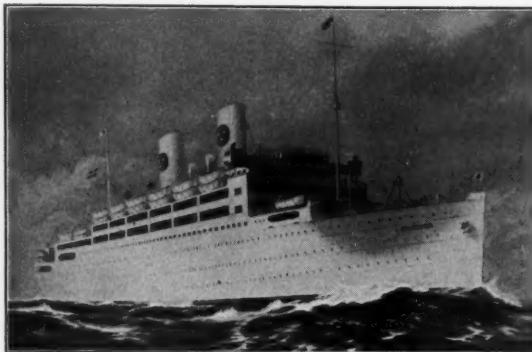
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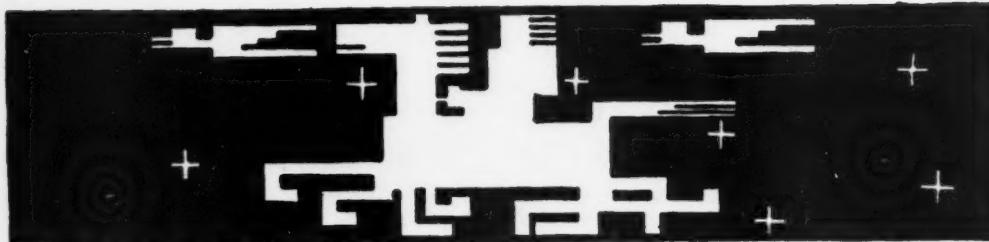
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